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A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE FINE ARTS.

No. 53.

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## THE ART-UNION.



LONDON, JUNE 1, 1843.

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On entering this Gallery—a very poor one, by the way, and utterly unworthy the noble purpose to which it is devoted—one is very soon struck by the singular uniformity of merit in the works exhibited. There is scarcely one that seems greatly superior to the surrounding mass; and very few that manifest an inferiority so decided as to be at once perceptible. The collection has indeed the sober and settled air of conscious value, as if assumption and pretence were equally unnecessary and unworthy. In this department of the Arts we may at least

claim to hold a station where we have no rivals. Our supremacy has indeed been long acknowledged; and to the efforts of this Society we are mainly indebted that it is fully established.

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No. 17. 'The Scrutiny in Don Quixote's Library, by the Curate and the Barber,' J. M. WRIGHT. The figures here are extremely well posed, and very powerful in expression; yet, excellent as the substance of the work is, it would have been improved by being a little more Spanish. And again, the eye is not readily led from figure to figure.

No. 20. 'Greenwich Hospital, from the Marshes,' W. C. SMITH. The near part of the picture is a sedgy pool in which a boy is wading. The water is beautifully transparent, and the distance sweetly painted, forming altogether a simple but exquisite drawing.

No. 21. 'Brig and Fishing Boats off St. Valery, Coast of Normandy,' C. BENTLEY. One of those marine pictures which suppose the spectator to be afloat. Various incidents are here forcibly painted; a passing cloud is the precursor of a rising squall, for which the boat is preparing by getting as speedily as possible "under snug canvas." The water is painted with the usual excellence of this artist.

No. 22. 'South View of Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire,' Copley Fielding. A favourite subject with this painter. It is a small pic-

ture, remarkable for the mellowness of its tones, and in the truthful contrasts shown by the nearer and remoter objects.

No. 35. 'Durham,' G. A. FRIPP. This work is the result of great care and labour; the object has been to produce a shadowless sunshine, or at least an effect with the shadows scarcely marked, and the consequence in this case is an approach to insipidity. Some of the lower parts of the drawing are exquisitely pencilled and coloured, but the tone of the castle and other buildings is offensively purple.

No. 36. 'Morning of the 12th of August,' FREDERICK TAYLOR. This is a sporting picture, the subject of which is "unkennelling for the moors." The figures and animals are portraits, and they are arranged in a manner the most skilful to aid and relieve each other. It ranks among the best pictures of the kind we have seen.

No. 39. 'View from the Ramparts of Dover Castle,' W. C. SMITH. Apparently the descent into the town. The near ground of the picture is entirely thrown into rich shadow, and is made very skilfully to throw off a clear sky.

No. 49. 'Snowdon, from near Capel Cŵg,' Copley Fielding. He is worthy of the highest honour who is thus loud in praise of old friends. It is Snowdon and such as Snowdon that have made a host of the best of our water-colour painters. Snowdon is the Falstaff of water-colour Art: few succeed with him, though all, according to the Persian proverb, "take a pull at his beard." Nothing can exceed the loveliness of this scene; here is no faltering by the way; no abuse of colour or substitution of it for imbecility in effect; no hesitation of touch. Snowdon we may say is an oft-repeated lesson, but never comes it too often when said or sung in poetry like this.

No. 53. 'An Interior,' W. HUNT. A chamber with one of the highly-wrought chimney-screens of the sixteenth century. A maiden is reading by the fire. It is a beautiful and a valuable drawing.

No. 54. 'Sands at Rhyl, North Wales,' D. COX. A class of subjects in which this artist excels. The beauty of the work is, however, impaired by the confused nature of the sky. It is, we presume, an experiment, for something is wanting to the keeping.

No. 58. 'A Lane Scene,' P. DE WINT. The uncompromising treatment of this composition is remarkable; every object is put down to the tone and substance of reality, in a manner which none but a master could attempt. It is one of the pictures that seem to have been put together, and rendered almost tangibly visible in the mind of the artist, before transferred to the paper.

No. 61. 'Ullswater, from Gowbarrow Park,' T. M. RICHARDSON, jun. The lake occupies the middle distance, and beyond it are the remote hills, nearly excluding the sky. The work is highly finished, and the tones are blended with the utmost suavity.

No. 62. 'Munich,' S. PROUT. A scene truly after the hearts of the admirers of Prout. It is a market, crowded with figures disposed with all the decision of long ago. The drawing is of considerable size, and abundantly elaborate; the soft and varied colouring of the figures, and the admirable management of the not very picturesque buildings, render the work the more estimable in proportion to the stubbornness of the materials. The friends of Mr. Prout—they are very numerous—and the admirers of his genius—the list might include all who appreciate truth and excellence in Art—will rejoice to meet their favourite in his vigour, year after year, still the veritable master, mingling judicious instruction with exceeding delight.

No. 65. 'Citadel at Plymouth, Mount Batten and Catwater in the distance,' W. CALLOW. The shadows here are somewhat timid and

\* Part 54—the "Supplementary Part"—of the ART-UNION, being exclusively devoted to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, we print in this Part our comments on the Exhibitions of the two Societies of Painters in Water Colours.

sharp; the water is too blue, but the land objects are coloured with much propriety.

No. 74. 'Fruit,' V. BARTHOLOMEW. These are selected from among the patricians of the vegetable category—a pine, grapes, and sunny peaches, so alluringly painted that the picture ought not to have been hung before the fruit was in season.

No. 75. 'The Gap of Dunloe,' W. EVANS. This drawing has the appearance of repeated pencilling, but, withal, the artist has maintained breadth—a rare success under such circumstances. The work is beautiful, and highly effective.

No. 76. 'Interior of the Drawing-room, Bramhall Hall, Cheshire,' JOSEPH NASH. This gentleman stands alone in the general success with which he has cultivated this department of Art; all his halls and drawing-rooms are of surpassing execution. A lady is here seated reading to an ancient cavalier, both habited in character with the taste of the apartment.

No. 86. 'View on the Severn,' P. DE WINT. A most literal translation from nature; the same skilful and daring manner of dealing with his objects which we have already admired. How rarely do we see such unqualified imitation of locality in effect and colour!

No. 91. 'Ehrenbreitstein,' H. GASTINEAU. The famous stronghold rises, of course, the principal object in the composition, which is brought forward with a most judicious mingling of cool and warm tints. The near objects are bold and substantial, and contribute mainly to keep in their places the other constituents of the picture.

No. 93. 'Verona, from the Old Bridge,' W. CALLOW. The view is happily selected, and composes altogether most gracefully, but the water is of a very distempered hue, and thus could not yield the blue shadow thrown over it. Some of the items of the higher part of the work are put in with so much strength as to be spots in the picture.

No. 96. 'Love Birds,' O. OAKLEY. Two maidens looking at a brace of love birds. The figures have the appearance of portraiture—they are very sweetly pictured.

No. 100. 'Ferry at Medenham, on the Thames,' G. A. FRIPP. This drawing displays great power, and perfect command of the materials of composition. It is throughout distinguished by a delightful freshness and repose.

No. 101. 'Granville, coast of Brittany,' C. BENTLEY. We see of Granville only some of those old and picturesque houses which abound in the northern departments of France. A storm clearing off the sea is most forcibly described by the contrast of the dark and heavy clouds with the tranquil sky which they are unveiling.

No. 105. 'A Poet,' W. HUNT. A boy versifying by the light of a stable lantern. He seems to "want a hero," or it may be he is only puzzled for a rhyme. It is equal to the best things of the kind by the artist, who, by the way, affords an extraordinary example of what may be done with one idea.

No. 109. 'The Folkestone Cliffs, looking towards Dover,' COPLEY FIELDING. The components of this drawing are of the simplest kind. We look from the cliffs upon the sea below, and thence again round the rocks which enclose the little bay; the charm of the picture is the glorious sun, and the effect one of the most difficult in nature to paint—the sunbeams partially obscured by the morning mist. This qualified light is spread over every object with a constancy of purpose which has produced a most superb work of Art.

No. 113. 'An Oat Field,' P. DE WINT. This drawing, although low in colour, is, as usual, masculine to a degree in touch and tone. The day is cloudy, and shadows are flitting over the ground.

No. 120. 'Hayward's Heath, Sussex,' FREDERICK NASH. A group of trees put in with a firm and crisp touch. The sky has the appearance of wind, but the lower parts of the work are in repose.

No. 122. 'View on the Derwent, Derbyshire,' P. DE WINT. Very faithful to the known style of the author. Cattle are fording the river—on the banks are trees, which throw down strong shadows. The foliage is a little woolly in parts.

No. 123. 'Scene from "Peveril of the Peak,"' G. CATERMOLE. The armoury in the Tower forms the subject of this sketch, although the main point is supposed to be an incident from the novel—the recognition by the King of "his old friend Major Coleby." This is indeed a drawing for the closet of the antiquary: the living figures look pigmies, surrounded as they are by those steel pots and robust iron jerkins, and overtopped by full tilting and battle suits of plate armour, mounted on barbed steeds. This drawing has never been surpassed in its style; it might, we think, have been aided by giving something more of character and expression to the countenance of the bad man and worse king—"who never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one."

No. 129. 'St. Andrew's, Fifeshire,' H. GASTINEAU. This is a brilliant little drawing, and remarkably striking from the manner in which the author approaches the fugitive effects of an unsettled day. The ancient city is seen across a little bay, as it stretches into the sea.

No. 133. 'Bolsover Castle, Derbyshire,' D. COX. The sky is cloudy and lowering, an aspect with which the entire character of the scene is in perfect keeping. The castle is removed to a distance, and seen beyond a group of rugged trees. The whole is freely but firmly pencilled with one undeviating purpose, that of investing wild and romantic scenery with a character most fitted to render it impressive.

No. 134. 'Vale of Llanrwst, from Roe, North Wales,' C. BENTLEY. In the near part of the drawing is a corn-field, over which we look up a vale, closed by a distance which, for sweetness and serenity, cannot be surpassed. The foreground is clouded, and the shadows flit thence up the valley from crag to crag in a manner only to be shown by one who has the finest apprehension of such appearances.

No. 136. 'Arch of Constantine, Rome,' S. PROUT. A remarkable characteristic of this drawing is its weight and solidity; the lower part is in shadow, and the higher portion rises against a thinly-coloured sky.

No. 138. 'Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh,' G. CATERMOLE. He stands in a corridor grasping a pistol, and looking down through a mulioned window; the figure is equipped in the plate-armour of the sixteenth century, and shows great caution and determination.

No. 142. 'Entrance to the Gap at Dunloe,' W. A. NESFIELD. This view is constituted of features that tell well in a picture, but here they are somewhat too much cut up to be shown to the best advantage.

No. 143. 'The Chapter House,' G. CATERMOLE. A hall, with some monks in council over matters of common import to the community; behind them rises a richly-carved screen, and at the fire sits one who may pass for the abbot. About the essentially-romantic drawings of this artist there is a dreamy quality, which is more intensely felt than easily described: we acknowledge everything he does as of, and appertaining to, humanity. His manner of circumstancing persons and depicting places is such as may have been observed by most individuals once or twice, but not more, during a lifetime. Such recollections are not to be effaced, and these it is that hallow to us the romance of such works.

No. 146. 'Portico di Ottavia, Rome,' S.

PROUT. A fragment of classic architecture; with more colour than is usual in the small pictures by the same hand.

No. 151. 'On the Thames, at Wargrave,' G. A. FRIPP. An expanse of water occupies the lower part of the picture, which, as rising to distance, is surrounded by trees: the colour throughout is extremely well distributed, and the prominent parts are substantially painted.

No. 152. 'View from Tilgate Forest, over the Weald of Sussex,' COPLEY FIELDING; and No. 153. 'Ben Venue—the Trossacks, and Ben An, over Loch Achray, West Highlands, by the same. These two works are so different in feeling that, on a slight examination, they do not appear to be by the same hand. In the former picture we look from a forest foreground over a wooded distance—the trees are strongly marked, the foreground is gloomy, and the entire aspect is sombre; the latter is distinguished by the harmonious play of the brightest colours: the mountains are blazing with the torrid light of the sun, the warmth of which is brought down, tempered by shadow and cooler colour, till the tints are again forced in the near parts. Such severity on the one hand, and brilliancy on the other, are very rarely witnessed.

No. 155. 'On the Thames,' W. EVANS. The near ground broken up by a lock, of which the artist has availed himself as a prominent and valuable feature of his picture. The trees are admirably painted, and seem to yield to the wind, and throughout the entire composition a most harmonious distribution of colour prevails.

No. 156. 'Stubble Field, with Gleaners,' D. COX. Nothing in truth but a stubble-field, broken only by the figures. The sky is of great beauty, charged with gathering clouds of varied tints. It is extremely difficult to give interest to such a subject.

No. 162. 'The Syren's Turret,' G. CATERMOLE. This is a small but very remarkable drawing. The turret is the conspicuous feature of the composition: at its base is a moat, on which is a gallant in a boat, who is about to be shot at by two figures lurking behind the bank.

No. 167. 'Too Late for Church—scene from the "Vicar of Wakefield,"' FREDERICK TAYLOR. This scene will be remembered as that in which the family of Primrose, being desirous of impressing their neighbours with a sense of their growing importance, resolve to go to church on horseback instead of walking as heretofore. The precise moment is that at which the horses refuse to proceed, and the vicar, returning from church, discovers his wife and daughters in the depth of their mortification. The passage has been admirably read; the artist touches with effect the vulnerable points of the ladies, and successfully follows out the dry wit of the author.

No. 168. 'Azaleas,' V. BARTHOLOMEW. They are in a little *bocale* of porcelain, and present a variety of the most beautiful hues, laid in with the utmost mastery.

No. 173. 'The Confession,' J. WM. WRIGHT. Portraits of two ladies, the subject of whose discourse is clearly an affair of the affections. The figures are carefully drawn and naturally posed.

No. 177. 'Hospital of the Grimsel and Lake of the Kleinsce, Switzerland,' W. CALLOW. The hospital is a low building, in the middle distance; beyond it rises two cliffs, between which is seen a tract of snow-covered eminences, which, with their white glare, impair the general effect.

No. 182. 'Hay Barges, &c., Mouth of the Medway,' C. BENTLEY. A stiff breeze is stirring in this composition, the water is accordingly much agitated. A boat, containing several figures, is pulling from the spectator; and upon this feature of the picture the artist has lavished all his wealth of colour.



No. 190. 'An Interior,' W. HUNT. A cabinet, with an antique chair and other characteristic furniture; the whole made out with that patient finish which marks the interiors of this painter.

No. 191. 'Bala Lake, North Wales,' T. M. RICHARDSON, jun. This is a most beautiful production. It is rich and high in colour, but the hues are most skilfully balanced and harmonized; on the left is an effective group of trees, which clear up all around them, and thence the eye is led to the distant hills which break the sky.

No. 195. 'Lismore, from the Fishery,' W. EVANS. Lismore stands upon a wooded eminence overhanging the river, which, winding down the near parts of the picture, opens into the "Fishery," where is seen a figure with a rod, and near him a few heavy salmon; a rainy sky is thrown over the whole, which is marked by a peculiar decision of manner.

No. 196. 'Interior at Southam, Gloucestershire—seat of the Right Hon. Lord Ellenborough,' JOSEPH NASH. A spacious room, with an ornamented ceiling and a fire-place, carved with extraordinary *finesse*: a cavalier is sleeping by the fire.

No. 201. 'The Plains of Marathon,' the late J. VARLEY. We here look towards Ubea from the tumulus of the Greeks and Persians. This is undoubtedly one of the best of the latter works of this artist. There is a great denial of colour, which, in conjunction with the grave treatment of the subject, has invested it with an impressive and solemn interest not otherwise attainable.

No. 204. 'Distant View of Exeter,' W. CALLOW. Exeter is seen upon a distant eminence, below which is visible at intervals the river winding through the meadows of the middle distance; the foreground is broken and irregular, circumstances which the artist has made to contribute advantageously to the picture, which is in every part freely pencilled and most naturally coloured.

No. 212. 'Caterina Cornaro's Chamber, Palazzo Cornaro, Venice,' LUKE PRICE. One of many striking, beautiful, and interesting works—results of a long residence in the sea-city.

No. 220. 'Street in Bologna, looking towards the Piazza,' W. CALLOW. This is a work of great power. It is minutely finished without injury to the breadth. The objects, although commonplace, are brought out in a manner to render them imposing and even grand.

No. 221. 'A Carnival at Venice,' J. STEPHANOFF. The crowd of masques are for the most part assembled on the stairs of a landing-place on one of the canals. The time is evening, and the dusky buildings at the end of the street tell forcibly against the pure but darkening sky. The throng is finely diversified in colour and character.

No. 228. 'Interior of a Norman Church,' FREDERICK NASH. This may be very like the place, and the artist has made the most of it; it is still, however, rather an architectural than a picturesque drawing.

No. 229. 'On the Road between Keswick and Ambleside,' J. M. RICHARDSON, jun. The main effect of this drawing is striking and natural. It is a sunset, and the materials are rocks and crags laid in with a diversity of colour more rich than harmonious.

No. 234. 'On Stainmoor, Yorkshire,' J. M. RICHARDSON, jun. A small but very beautiful piece of moor scenery, seen under a clouded effect, and with a dark and rainy distance.

No. 256. 'Vessels at the Nore in Shoal Water,' W. C. SMITH. A rolling sea is here going in upon the coast with every plain indication of squally weather; the horizon is dark, with rain, though the sky overhead is breaking into light. The whole is finely told, and the water does justice to the reputation of the artist.

thNo. 259. 'On the Grand Canal, Venice, from e Dogana,' W. CALLOW. An infinity of labour has been bestowed on this picture; but it comes forward under most disadvantageous comparisons, since the subject has been treated by the most eminent artists of our time.

No. 269. 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte,' F. STONE. A charming picture of two figures, managed with all the grace and truth for which the painter is famed. A youth and a maiden are standing at a door, both evidently much embarrassed as to the manner of breaking the ice. The confusion on the one side and blushing difficulty on the other are admirably told.

No. 270. 'Lancaster Sands—Morning,' D. COX. The sky and plain of sand are bright and sunny, the latter dotted with figures. We have many similar scenes by this artist painted with perfect success.

No. 273. 'Damsons, &c.,' W. HUNT. Beautifully coloured, and rich with the bloom peculiar to the fruit.

No. 275. 'Byron's Room—Palazzo Mocenigo, Venice,' L. PRICE. This is no doubt like the place, but the colour does not appear natural, or gaudiness has been mistaken for richness; the value of red and gilding seems neutralized when spread over the paper thus in one glare of high light.

No. 277. 'Juliet and Nurse,' J. M. WRIGHT. This is the scene in which the nurse wakes Juliet. The colouring is characterized by perfect harmony, but the figures are too English for Verona.

No. 280. 'The Shadow on the Wall,' W. HUNT. A boy is here asleep, and a strong light falls upon his face, and, being intercepted by his head, throws a shadow on the wall. It is most forcibly and beautifully painted.

No. 302. 'Milton dictating to his Daughters,' JOSEPH NASH. Much care has been bestowed upon this picture, but it resembles too strongly others of the same subject that have gone before it. It is much to be regretted when an artist exposes himself to the question of originality of composition, although it sometimes occurs that similarities will fall out most unaccountably.

No. 310. 'Study of Gipsies,' O. OAKLEY. These figures look like portraits. They have the formality of this class of Art, and what conduces to this appearance is that they are rather busied with the spectator than with each other.

No. 314. \* \* \* FREDERICK TAYLER. A forester bearing a buck upon his shoulders. It is a half-length figure, and reminds us of Rubens's portrait of himself, with the buck on his shoulders.

No. 324. 'A Shrimper,' O. OAKLEY. A boy seated on a rock on the shore. The figure is most carefully studied from nature, and comes well out from a light background of sea and sky. The work is, indeed, worthy of all praise, as one of the truest and most agreeable contributions to the gallery.

No. 333. 'After the second Battle of Newbury,' G. CATTERMOLLE. This is a night scene, representing Donnington Castle, "where the King lay, and all the army about him." The near parts of the picture are thronged with figures, accoutrements, guns, and ammunition waggons; beyond rises the castle, from the windows of which issues a strong light. It is an extraordinary picture, and would alone make a reputation.

No. 340. 'Vessel unloading,' FREDERICK NASH. A small and slight, but very forcible, drawing. The vessel is high and dry on the sands, and stands in strong relief against the lighter distance.

No. 341. 'Tuning,' J. WM. WRIGHT. A lady standing tuning a mandoline. It is evidently a portrait, but managed with peculiar grace and elegance. The figure is closed by curtains very effectively disposed.

No. 353. 'Killin, Scotland,' J. D. HARDING.

The substance of this composition is a river winding its course among rocks, and bordered by picturesque trees, which especially mark the power of the author. The drawing of the trunks and branches is unequalled in this part of landscape composition. The foliage is singularly fresh and luxuriant, and the other components are put in with that vigour of touch which only can be acquired by lengthened experience. It is the work of a great master—a work that may be classed at the head of "its order."

The Exhibition consists of 362 works; and although we have devoted greater space than usual, we are compelled to leave unnoticed many of high merit. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say, the gallery does not contain a single work that is not creditable to British Art.

#### NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

GALLERY, 53, FALM MALL.

THE ninth annual exhibition of this Society was opened on the 1st of May. It manifests considerable improvement, generally. Some younger members have added largely to its strength; the older keep their ground; and there is unquestionable evidence of a resolve to labour so as to secure a continuance of that public approval, under the influence of which it has so markedly progressed. The members now number FORTY-EIGHT; and as sound judgment has been manifested in all recent elections, and there appears to be a proper anxiety to be on the watch for fresh talent, we may anticipate an increase of merit and "high desert" from year to year. Those who were familiar with the Society, during its early existence, will feel peculiar gratification in bearing testimony to the *prudence* of its course. It has never advanced extraordinary claims to public patronage; the commencement of its career was unostentatious; it struggled through adverse circumstances, meekly and modestly; at no period did it assume a character of rivalry; there was neither pretence nor affectation in any of its proceedings; and it has won its "golden opinions" by sheer industry and actual merit. Few societies have been better conducted; few have laboured more harmoniously; and the credit due to its officers we willingly accord. It has now assumed a high position; success will not, we hope, tempt it out of the right path. In some departments of the art of painting in water-colours the excellence of its members will be universally admitted; they bear in mind their duty to form an exhibition that shall be interesting and attractive to the public as well as satisfactory to the critic; the result of their combined efforts has been to produce a collection extensively and deservedly popular.\*

No. 3. 'Chateau of William de la Marck on the Banks of the Ambleve,' R. K. PENSON. This work exhibits in its treatment the utmost liberality, approaching even to grandeur. The chateau stands precisely upon such a site as would commend itself to a man like "him of the boar's-head cowl." The huge pines which tower above the spectator diminish the value of objects in the distance. The work is faulty as to its coldness of tone, and the extreme looseness of manner which marks some parts of it; but, as a whole, it is a production of very considerable merit.

No. 6. 'Antiquities of Xanthus—a Composition,' J. W. ARCHER. This is too literally a

\* We presume to hint the wisdom of a junction between the "old" Society and the "new," and have reason to think the object not difficult of achievement. There are many reasons in its favour, and none, as far as we can see, against it. A proper gallery might then be erected, in the place of two poor and confined chambers; and the Art would at once be placed on a higher footing than it has yet occupied.

composition to induce any idea of its reality, for the rich confusion of these forsaken marbles suggests that they have been posed for painting—they have fallen too gracefully. The picture is a good one of its kind, but not of a class likely to be prized.

No. 7. 'Arabs of the Bishareen Desert,' HENRY WARREN. An Arab family are perishing in the arid waste for want of water; the mother has surmounted the heap of stones which serves to shelter them, and is announcing the approach of the thunder-cloud that will bring rain and consequent relief. It is a beautiful conception, arranged with very considerable skill, and full of touching pathos. Mr. Warren has manifested great ability by the production of pictures of eastern character; and very great industry also; for it is well known that, although peculiarly accurate and happy in the scenes and persons he depicts, he is familiar with them only through books, conversations, and studies.

No. 19. 'The Vicar of Wakefield taken to Gaol,' JOHN ABSOLON. The *de profundis* of the Primrose family has been seldom more effectively painted than in this composition—which is body and soul "steeped" in the simple pathos of Goldsmith's history. We recognise in the principal figure an accurate summing up of the character of the Vicar, in whom is portrayed all Christian humility. The great charm of this picture is an entire absence of dramatic alloy.

No. 29. 'Near Dorchester,' JAMES FAHEY. This subject is well translated from nature; it contains a striking effect of rain; such incidents brought forward thus successfully cannot be otherwise than pleasing.

No. 30. 'Cromwell and Ireton intercepting a Letter of Charles I.,' L. HAGHE. This is the story of the letter which was taken from the saddle at the Blue Boar, in Holborn. At this time Cromwell was about forty-eight years of age; he however, allowing for his being a trifle *sear-begone*, looks older. He has read the letter, which he yet holds before him, and has, in a moment of deep and anxious thought, raised his eye from it, as inwardly resolving the King's fate. The artist has amply succeeded in investing this figure with an interest that would distinguish it among a thousand—he wears the buff-coat and gorget, and is equipped and girt up for another Naseby.

No. 36. 'Vase of Roses,' Mrs. HARRISON. These roses would call from us an apostrophic verse of Herrick. The flowers and other botanical studies of this lady are the productions of an enthusiasm but seldom thrown into this department of Art. The texture is rendered with extreme delicacy, the perfection of imitative art. Mrs. Harrison maintains a foremost rank in this beautiful and peculiarly feminine department of the profession. Her works are universally appreciated for their delicacy and entire excellence.

No. 37. 'An English Pastoral,' HENRY JUTSUM. A group of trees, before which lies a mirror of standing water framed in sedges. This is all; and what there is of it is given with becoming sweetness: the foliage is fresh, and is broken with the best judgment.

No. 44. 'Scene on the Avon, near Bath,' AARON PENLEY. The river is here nothing but a shallow brook—the resort of cows, which are even now luxuriating mid-stream up to the knees. The boast of the picture is two pollard willows, bearing everywhere marks of the utmost care in the dressing of the foliage, which is too flat in colour.

No. 45. 'The Council of Quacks,' C. H. WRIGHT. A small picture; the subject an assemblage of ducks, each member of which is characterized in a manner to do abundant credit to the ornithology of the author.

No. 63. 'Hollyhocks,' Mrs. HARRISON. This flower has no hold of our affections; it is not

suggestive of any absorbing reminiscences; it is never the *mignonne* of the bouquet or the button-hole; but here, without its gaunt stalk, it is yet beautiful.

No. 73. 'Scene in North Devon,' H. BRIGHT. The substance of the composition is a cottage, backed by trees, and the scene closed in by high land. This artist seems to be losing that breadth of manner which constituted a principal beauty in his works. The objects in this drawing are finely made out, but the whole is distinguished by that excessive coldness which chills the beauty of his minor productions. Certain passages of the work are most deliciously wrought out, but the original style is vitiated by finish.

No. 82. \* \* \*, JOHN ABSOLON. This is a scene from "Paul and Virginia"—that in which the two children intercede with the slave-owner for the pardon of the runaway negro. How emphatically soever such a narration may be managed, it is still an ill-selected subject. The innocent children and the trembling slave are strongly drawn; but the cool braggartism of the planter marks rather the American than the French slave-owner. Excellent as are some parts of the work, they are not sufficient to redeem the subject.

No. 90. \* \* \*, F. W. TOPHAM. A story from "The Deserted Village,"—descriptive of the distress of a family quitting "Sweet Auburn," their home, and hearth. The work is conceived and executed in a spirit closely akin to that in which Goldsmith wrote. The day is clouded, like the fortunes of the emigrants; and their village is no longer the place "Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain."

The picture is everywhere eloquent in allusion to the beauties of the poem. It may stand among the finest productions of its class. It will, indeed, place the comparatively "new" artist in the foremost rank of his profession, and secure for him its highest honours. He evidently thinks and feels; has studied nature attentively and accurately in reference not alone to its external effects, but to the higher emotions that sway and control the human heart.

No. 97. 'View of the Remains of Knaresborough Castle,' H. P. RIVIERE. The remnant of the fortress stands upon a brow of land, and, with its site, is well drawn and coloured; but the foliage of the opposite woods is exaggerated into deep blue, the abuse of which, as here shown, is more conspicuous than the mismanagement of any other. The trees are otherwise extremely well dealt with—they are luxuriant and full masses, perfectly natural.

No. 98. \* \* \*, G. HOWSE. This has no title, though it looks sufficiently like a genuine locality to have one. The scene smacks somewhat of the Rhenish; the items are those usually constituting river-side views—boats and floating logs of wood, with appropriate figures and buildings; the water is deep and flowing, and the whole is most harmoniously coloured.

No. 105. 'Grange Borrowdale, Cumberland,' H. P. RIVIERE. A rocky scene, threaded by a brawling rivulet—a valuable snatch of picturesque nature. There is perhaps too much gray in the picture, and the rocks in parts look rather woolly; but these defects are counterbalanced by many beauties.

No. 106. 'Christ's Sermon,' HENRY WARREN. This composition claims for its source a lofty aspiration of that kind which has stimulated to the most transcendent efforts in high Art. The Saviour is preaching, surrounded by his disciples, and "a great multitude of people out of all Judea and Jerusalem." The arrangement of the materials composing the work have cost

\* We take this opportunity of offering our protest against an increasing custom—a custom of giving no title to a picture, but marking it in the catalogue by a series of stars—\* \* \*. The evil occurs in no fewer than fourteen cases in this catalogue of the New Water-Colour Society. A minute's reflection will show the folly of the system.

the author as much labour as the actual execution, and it is worthy of a more lengthened consideration than we can here give it. With the artist it has been a chief object to make out a strong and reciprocal intelligence between Christ and his audience, and to give abundant variety of character. Both of these he has attained—with qualified success. The figure of the Saviour might with better effect have been more substantial—the spiritualisation of the figure degenerates into thinness. A default in the arrangement is the equalised line of heads—those of the disciples on the left; and we ought now to know enough of truth to adhere no longer to the fallacy of Greek draperies in such pictures as this—which, nevertheless, does infinite honour to its author as being of an excellence rarely surpassed. If Mr. Warren does not completely reach our notions of what the subject might be, who is there in modern Art who could realize our conceptions of the scene and its sublime character? There is but one living artist who could do this effectually; and, perhaps, after him, there are none who could draw more closely to it than Mr. Warren has done.

No. 117. 'Water Mill on the Lyd, Devonshire,' W. OLIVER. This is a triumph of finish; but the unity of the composition is destroyed by elaboration. The artist has elaborated every leaf of his foliage. The picture is distinguished by much beauty, but the eye is fretted by the general treatment.

No. 119. 'Vallombrosa, near Florence,' J. F. D'ÉVILLE. The foreground materials of this landscape are richly and substantially painted. The time is evening, which is closing in with unbroken repose. The substance of the composition resembles the country very much in character.

No. 126. 'Billingsgate—first Day of Oysters—early Morning,' E. DUNCAN. Billingsgate is here veiled in sail-cloth and cordage. It is only on close inspection that the famous *locals* becomes recognisable. The oysters seem abandoned to a furious onslaught; the countless boats are boarded by crowds of all hues. The business of such a morning, if it be so busy as this, is well described.

No. 133. 'Peace,' JOS. J. JENKINS. This epigrammatic title refers to a picture of depth and pathos scarcely surpassed in Art. 'Peace' has brought back to his home an old soldier, whose adust features tell of hard service in a hotter climate than ours. He has reached the dwelling of a comrade who has been killed in battle, and has laid before the young widow the watch and some other trifles intrusted to him, while announcing to her the sad news that she is a widow. The argument is aided by every component thrown into the work, and is strikingly characterized by the exceeding force and perspicuity of its narrative; in short, in its style, it has hardly been excelled. The story is communicated with a mingling of grandeur and simplicity; the interest of high tragedy is given to the common incident of a humble cottage. The features are full of character—the character of truth—in nothing exaggerated. In execution, the work possesses vast merit. It is laboured to a degree—yet not so that the labour bestowed upon it is too suddenly apparent. The picture is a *chef d'œuvre* of the English school of water-colours; and gives assurance that another great artist is among us.

No. 146. 'Cattle—Evening,' C. WRIGHT. It is evening, and the cattle are returning home, and about to enter the village. The artist is eminently successful in describing a scene of rustic quietude, and this without the tameness which so often attends this style of subject.

No. 149. 'On the Sands—Boulogne-sur-Mer,' JOS. J. JENKINS. A group of three female shrimpers form here a most graceful and interesting drawing. The figures are coloured with infinite sweetness, and are opposed with the best effect to a clear sky.



No. 163. 'Torrent of the Baslan Valley,' W. OLIVER. Throughout this drawing the utmost propriety prevails, save in the colour of the distant objects, which is too cold. The threatening clouds have settled on the cliffs in accordance with the gloom thrown over the whole.

No. 164. 'The Faries' Favourite,' Jos. J. JENKINS. A maiden is sleeping by the fireside, while a busy company of fays, presided over by Titania, are bearing a share of the household cares. Some ply the bellows, obedient to which the fire is blazing on the hearth, while other similar offices are committed to others. The sleeping figure comes in strong relief from the wall, and the circumstances of the drawing remind us of the brownie and fairy legends of Scotland and Ireland. It is a work of great ability; bearing out our belief in the high fame of the painter.

No. 165. 'Sands at Hastings—Sunset,' Geo. B. CAMPION. Everything in this drawing is kept up to a high tone, light and air being the aim of the artist. The position of the sun would have justified even more colour and less light.

No. 170. 'Looking down the Valley of Dolwyddelan, North Wales,' THOS. LINDSAY. A remarkable view, closed on the left by a high back of rocks, which is skilfully drawn and coloured throughout its extent. The shadows are judiciously thrown in, although in parts too strong. The near objects and figures are substantial and appropriate.

No. 171. 'Mill-dam and Stream, near Llanion, Brittany,' WILLIAM OLIVER. This work is pure and brilliant to a degree; the sky, distant trees, and group of figures, are put in with a masterly hand, but the water, with its filmy surface, deserves especial praise.

No. 178. 'Fishing Boats in the Semoi,' R. K. PENSON. The fishing-boats form but an insignificant part of the picture, the force of which lies in the very strong opposition of a group of trees to a light sky. There is an attempt at grandeur of effect, partially successful; the great fault, however, of the production is the excessive deadness of the shadows: they are heavy, opaque, and black to the last degree.

No. 179. 'North Sunderland Fishermen rendering Assistance after a Squall,' THOS. S. ROBINS. A vessel seems to have grounded close in shore, and the sea, still under the lash of the furious wind, is breaching over her. The fishermen are approaching in a boat; the tail of the squall is passing over the land, followed by a train of driving clouds. This is all very beautifully described, and the water would be the perfection of art were it not too near the coast to be so clear.

No. 180. 'A Vase of Flowers,' Mrs. MARQUETTS. Exquisitely beautiful—as perfect a transcript of nature as Art can produce: the group is arranged with the nicest skill, and the execution is very near perfection.

No. 182. 'Sunset—Wimbledon Common,' H. MAPLESTONE. This is one of the most impressive descriptions of a sunset we have ever seen. The materials are the simplest imaginable; in short, Wimbledon Common, crisp with the wild and luxuriant herbage of summer, in opposition to the bright and immortal hues of the declining sun. An "elegiac twilight" is already on the heath, rendering value for value to the pure sky.

No. 203. 'View of Edinburgh from the Calton Hill,' T. M. RICHARDSON. The very title suggests an idea of labour almost without end. We look down from the Calton on a tracery of streets, opening only here and there, amid numberless houses, towering over which, near the middle of the picture, is, of course, the Castle. All must laud the diligence with which this drawing has been brought to its successful termination. It is highly valuable as a faithful view of the capital of Scotland. Indeed, it may

almost be regarded as "a key" to it; for it comprises all the objects most interesting in association with the city. We cannot call to mind a more successful example of a vast congregation of houses rendered picturesque. The "likeness" is admirable and striking; every point to which the eye is directed will be recognised by those who are familiar with the original; both the skilful hand and the judicious mind have gone over the subject—and the result is a beautiful and most attractive picture. The work is, indeed, essentially a work of genius—of difficulties completely overcome. Mr. Richardson is, we believe, a provincial artist, and his son, also an accomplished painter, has been recently elected a member of the senior society. They do honour to their native town of Newcastle-on-Tyne—a town that has contributed many other great men to the Arts.

No. 211. 'Brook Scene, near Rokeby,' J. M. YOUNGMAN. A tree, with some ducks, a running brook, and appropriate accessories, drawn and coloured with perfect mastery. The objects have that appearance of reality which suggests the idea of having been studied on the spot; at least, the treatment of the whole is true to nature. The artist, who is, we believe, a new member, is a valuable accession to the Society.

No. 215. 'Fair Day—an English Scene,' C. H. WEIGALL. This scene is constituted of such objects as can be thrown into such a composition with the best effect, and the interest and character are well supported throughout every part of the work.

No. 216. 'Winterton Church and Light-house,' G. S. SHEPHERD. A clever and agreeable, and, we feel assured, accurate copy of a striking scene, by an artist whose adherence to truth has been always staunch.

No. 225. 'Water Mill at Ambleside,' T. M. RICHARDSON, sen. A singular contrast to the large and full work we have been describing; yet one of almost equal merit. Here we have fine and truthful nature, copied with purity and truth.

No. 234. 'St. Paul's from the Surrey side of the Thames,' G. DONOSON. A work, of course, involving an immensity of mechanical labour. Everybody has seen nearly the same view under every aspect. This takes a high rank among similar productions.

No. 235. 'Blowing Cold,' E. H. WEHNERT. Lafontaine's fable of "Le Satyre et le Passant" affords the subject of this drawing. "Le passant," a heavily booted and spurred galliard, sits blowing his soup cold in the hut of his satyr host; who, incensed at his thus "blowing cold," bids him "repandre son chemin!" Now this fable literally rendered is a perfect mistake; its richness and pith lie in its allusions and associations. Lafontaine never contemplated so simple a reading as this. The treatment is a fallacy throughout.

No. 239. 'A Shaded Brook,' H. JUTSUM. We are here on every side shut in by fresh and verdant trees, which leave their lowest foliage in the running brook. This little drawing is a perfect transcript from nature.

No. 252. 'Cinderella,' Miss F. CORBAUX. The vain and flaunting sisters are going to the ball, leaving poor Cinderella to the household drudgery. This is a large and imposing work, executed in a spirit so true as at once to proclaim the subject. The contrast between the humble Cinderella and her haughty sisters is well made out; the parties are admirably characterized.

No. 260. 'French Herring-boat running into the Harbour of Holy Island,' THOMAS S. ROBINS. The boat lies well in the water, through which she is running before a stiff breeze, to seek shelter from the coming squall. This is an admirable work; the water is perfect in its volume and motion.

No. 266. 'Berncastel, on the Moselle,' W. ROBERTSON. Much labour has been expended

on this work to little purpose; the near objects are badly drawn, the clouds and cliffs are mingled without intentional effect, and the distant parts are blue and heavy.

No. 286. \* \* \* \* \*, JAMES FARNEY. A scene from Waverley, if our memory do not betray us, for the picture is without a name, and a long quotation which accompanies that of the artist is unacknowledged. The work is one of decided ability.

287. 'Abbeville,' T. S. BOYS. A most accurate copy of a singular town of France—once a famous fortress of the frontier. Few artists equal Mr. Boys in transcribing such subjects with a happy mingling of stern truth and picturesque beauty.

No. 289. 'Garden, Powis Castle,' D. COX, jun. The artist has thrown into this picture a group of figures of a Watteau-like character; the scene is made out of a section of the castle and a portion of the garden, constituting altogether a composition extremely pleasing.

No. 297. 'Irish Tourists—parting Blessings,' G. B. CAMPION. Clever, but by no means pleasing; not exaggerated, however, in its disagreeable features.

No. 298. 'The Old Gate from the Boom Quay—Rotterdam,' G. HOWSE. Voltaire's land of the "canaux, canaille, canards," affords many rich subjects, but none more beautiful than this—a bit of the canal brimming with the most tempting water in the world, the old gate, a slice of the quay, with boats and boatmen for Holland to be proud of. The Town Council of Rotterdam—as Hood calls the place) do not know of this, or they would buy it for the Council Chamber.

No. 306. 'Jesus at the House of Simon the Pharisee,' EDWARD CORBOULD. Much is here sacrificed to pomp and display. Christ is evidently rebuking Simon, but this would not have told less forcibly with more simple accessories. The artist has a precedent in the old masters for circumstancing scriptural figures amid Greek architecture, but grandeur is attainable without this, which is a treatment not upheld by truth. Mr. Corbould's genius is of a very high order; he established his reputation last year; this year he has not done more than uphold it. We are compelled to compare him with himself—and we miss that simple grandeur in his treatment of the 'Woman taken in Adultery,' which bore comparison with some of the best of the great old masters. We may not, however, depreciate this work; because, though not a step in advance, it is a production of great merit.

No. 314. 'Evening—Folding Sheep,' J. M. YOUNGMAN. The colours in this drawing are charmingly subdued and harmonized, and the incident of flying and partial showers emphatically pictured.

No. 326. 'The Town Hall of Courtray,' L. HAGHE. This valuable drawing perfectly exhibits the powerful and effective style of its author. The hall is thronged with martial and monastic figures, the latter begging of the former permission to seek the body of Robert of Artois, who has been slain at the Battle of the Spurs. The middle age interiors of this artist have never been surpassed, and the present work, although not perhaps so large as others we have seen, has never been excelled by the same hand; scarcely, indeed, equalled by any artist of the existing age.

No. 337. 'Fresh Breeze—Hay Barge off Erith,' E. DUNCAN. Everything here is identical with the river and its scenery, save the water, which is too much broken, and not of the genuine Thames tone. A fresh breeze would give more volume, even off Erith.

No. 343. 'Martin Luther Reading to his Friends the Manuscript of one of his Pamphlets against the Abuses of the Catholic Church,' E. H. WEHNERT. This is a fine subject, but it has been treated with too much deference to a

false style prevalent among the old schools. It is in parts Caravaggio-like, without the transparency of Caravaggio's shadows; in these parts it is therefore heavy, and also spotty. There are in the picture many admirable heads, displaying much power of expression, and the composition has been studied with a zeal inspired by the subject.

No. 346. 'Rustic Bridge near Ilkley, Yorkshire,' F. W. TOPHAM. A light and very pleasing drawing, the artist having stopped at the happy medium. Materials so simple are always agreeable under such a presentation as this.

No. 348. 'Afternoon—Pugh Dean, Arundale,' J. W. ARCHER. A small but a very sweet drawing of a richly-undulating tract of country; other small drawings, equally good, are by the same hand.

No. 363. 'Gipsies,' ALFRED H. TAYLOR. A vernacular English subject, made out in a manner similar to something of the same kind we have seen by Morland; but by no means, therefore, wanting originality; for nature is unquestionably the source of both. Mr. Taylor is an artist of very considerable talent—and, what is perhaps more rare than talent, of right good taste.

No. 383. 'On the Greta, near Brignal Banks,' J. M. YOUNGMAN. The scene is closed in by a screen of trees; the nearest objects are the rocks in the bed of the stream, over which the current flows, and these are somewhat formal, but the trees are depicted with perfect truth and the utmost beauty.

No. 404. 'River Scene—Sunrise,' H. BRIGHT. This is the style wherein this artist excels. We have a river and a fine group of trees, all in shadow, telling against the morning light. The beauty of the work is in the transparency of the shadow and the liquidity of the water.

Of the 414 works contained in this Exhibition, we have been enabled to notice comparatively few; having left, without a word of comment, many that possess considerable merit. The collection is, indeed, one that possesses high and general attraction; and deserves the popularity it has attained.

#### LIST OF PICTURES, &c., SELECTED BY PRIZE-HOLDERS IN THE ART-UNION OF LONDON. TO MAY 25, 1843.

[Although the whole of the selections are not yet made, we shall gratify curiosity by printing the list as far as it can be completed. We postpone, however, our remarks concerning the judgment and taste—or the absence of these qualities—manifested by the various "choices;" merely for the present remarking that they do not appear to be satisfactory; that the 4000 picture, though not an inferior work, is valued far too highly; that the observation applies, though not with equal force, to the 3000. prize; and that the two 2000. prizes are ridiculous purchases; to which we are bound to add, that the committee cannot justly, honourably, or, we think, legally give their sanction to the choice of M. Jacobi's picture, the purchase of which can in no way advance the objects of British Art. We shall have more to say on this subject, if we find the work has been actually bought.]

[The Title of Picture, Artist's Name, and Price.]

##### From the Royal Academy.

J. Harman, 4000.; the Monks of Melrose, by C. Landseer, A.R.A., 4000.  
C. Legg, 3000.; Jephtha's Daughter, H. O'Neil, 3000.  
Rev. S. H. Russell, 1500.; A Girl of Sorrento Spinning, W. Collins, R.A., 1500. 10s.  
J. S. Bywater, 1000.; the Introduction of Sir Pierce Shafton to Halbert Glendinning, A. Egg, 1400.  
— Marshall, 1000.; the Upper part of the River Tyne, F. R. Lee, R.A., 1000.  
Dr. W. Price, 1000.; the Highland Home, A. Johnston, 1000.  
A. Weeks, 1000.; the supposed Death of Imogen, W. F. Witherington, R.A., 1000.  
E. James, 800.; Summary Conviction under Martin's Act, T. Woodward, 1000.  
Mrs. A. Francis, 700.; Scene from the Heart of Mid-Lothian, A. Fraser, 700.  
J. Prior, 700.; Griselda, H. Le Jeune, 840.  
Miss Higham, 600.; Christ crowned with Thorns, W. E. Frost, 630.  
G. Rutter, 600.; Drs. Johnson and Goldsmith, E. M. Ward, 600.  
T. Cree, 500.; Composition, J. J. Chalon, 500.  
J. H. Grant, 500.; River Scene, Morning, J. Tennant, 520. 10s.

Miss Heath, 500.; Macenas's Villa, W. Havell, 520. 10s.  
F. W. Stein, 500.; Bargaining with the Waggoner, G. A. Williams, 500.  
J. Watter, 500.; Santa Maria Maggiore, Rome, G. B. Moore, 520. 10s.  
E. Bicknell, jun., 400.; a Squall off Boulogne, J. Wilson, 400.  
W. Helme, 400.; Scene from Crabbe's "Parish Register," A. Solomon, 420.  
A. Salomon, 400.; an Italian Boy with Guinea Pigs, H. Pickersgill, 500.  
Mrs. Farquharson, 300.; River Scene, F. W. Watts, 310. 10s.  
C. Hitchcock, 300.; Watering Cattle, E. Williams, 300.  
L. Morris, 300.; Tintern Abbey, Evening, H. Jutsum, 300.  
W. Murray, 300.; the Gipsy Camp, H. J. Boddington, 290. 10s.  
Dr. Galeoni, 250.; Una, C. Taylor, 250.  
G. Goodbody, 250.; the Fortune Teller, C. Stonhouse.  
H. Waters, 250.; Harbour Scenery, W. A. Knell, 250.  
W. Williamson, 250.; Lago d'Isco, H. H. H. Horsley, 250.  
Miss Acocks, 200.; Marble Bust of Hebe, A. Gately, 200.  
J. Fletcher, 200.; Organ Boy, C. Wilton, 200.  
E. Goodall, 200.; Landscape and Cattle, J. Wilson, jun., 200.  
J. Kennedy, 200.; Hayes Common, W. F. Witherington, R.A., 250.  
Mrs. T. Allanson, 100.; the Falcon, C. Dukes, 100.  
Mrs. Chapman, 100.; Fishbone Creek, Isle of Wight, A. Vickers, 100.  
J. Forster, 100.; Cottage Scene, Cherryhinton, C. Ward, 150.  
W. Hicks, 100.; the Troublesome Neighbour, R. Huskinson, 100. 10s.  
C. G. White, 100.; Vesuvius, from the window of a Neapolitan villa, W. Havell, 100.

##### From the British Institution.

Miss Atkinson, 800.; Chateau Bourg, on the Rhone, S. R. Stanley, 800.  
N. W. Freeman, 600.; Cornish Market People, W. Shayer, 800.  
J. S. Christian, 700.; Schloss Elz, in the vicinity of the Moselle, C. Deane, 500.  
Rev. H. Banfather, 600.; Windsor Castle, J. Stark, 570. 15s.  
E. E. Dyaon, 600.; the Love Test, T. M. Joy, 650.  
J. Richardson, 100.; Scenery on the Borders of Dartmoor, F. R. Lee, R.A., 630.  
B. Hiclin, 400.; Desquency, J. Inskipp, 520. 10s.  
W. Hutton, 400.; Scene near Plumstead Common, J. Tennant, 450.  
J. Little, 400.; Waiting for a Victim, J. P. Davis, 420.  
Dr. Smethurst, 400.; Scene from Twelfth Night, H. O'Neil, 400.  
R. Taylor, 400.; the Dying Cateran, Mrs. M'lan, 400.  
J. Tonge, 400.; Interior of the Church of St. Jacques, at Dieppe, H. Gritten, jun., 400.  
J. Maughan, 300.; Shakspeare's Cliff, Dover, J. B. Pyne, 300.  
C. Wittenoom, 300.; Queen Mary's Bed Chamber, Hampton Court, J. D. Wingfield, 300.  
M. Grayling, 250.; Vessels off Burlington Pier, Copley Fielding, 290. 8s.  
J. Stanesby, 250.; the Taming of the Shrew, F. R. Pickersgill, 300.  
J. W. Dudgeon, 200.; Water-Mill, near Tovil, Kent, S. J. E. Jones, 260. 5s.  
T. Green, 200.; an Italian Girl, J. Inskipp, 210.  
Miss Grover, 200.; Jeanie Deane's Visit to Reuben Butler, A. T. Derby, 200.  
J. Stallard, 200.; the Fair Client, F. P. Stephanoff, 400.  
D. Owen, 150.; Samuel relating to Eli the Prediction concerning his House, T. W. Jones, 120. 12s.  
W. Reilly, 150.; a Walk in Kensington Gardens, H. M'Manus, 150.  
J. Sale, 150.; the Source of the Old Man's Hope, T. F. Marshall, 150.  
J. Clark, 100.; Scene near a Farm, J. Wilson, jun., 150.  
N. Rudwick, 100.; Near Winchelsea, J. Wilson, 100.  
E. S. Rogers, 100.; the Serenade, C. Dukes, 100. 10s.  
Capt. Peavor, 200.; the Rheingrafstein, &c., Germany, C. Hamilton, 400.

##### From the Society of British Artists.

T. Stone, 2000.; Devonshire Scene, J. W. Allen, 2000.  
H. J. Aveling, 1000.; a Scene in the Middle Ages, A. J. Woolmer, 1000.  
H. W. Horsley, 800.; a Subject from Chaucer, A. J. J. Woolmer, 800.  
S. Humble, 700.; the Campagna, at Rome, C. Josi, 1000.  
W. H. Hewitt, 600.; Beach Scene, W. Shayer, 700.  
G. Sadler, 600.; Red Hill, Surrey, J. W. Allen, 600.  
G. S. Marshall, 600.; a Village Festival, W. Shayer, 840.  
W. A. Gilman, 500.; Waiting for the Ferry, H. Lancaster, 500.  
J. Bell, 400.; the Graceless Novice, T. Roods, 500.  
W. Culling, 400.; Landscape, composition, J. Tennant, 500.  
S. Good, 400.; Going out to a Wreck, J. Wilson, 600.  
R. Fryar, 300.; Pastoral Subject, Summer Morning, T. F. Marshall, 310. 10s.  
J. Smith, jun., 300.; the Debate, T. Clater, 400.  
Miss Blundell, 250.; Burlington Quay, A. Clint, 250.  
Josiah Wilson, 200.; Rebecca, a Statue in Marble, W. C. Marshall, 600.  
Mrs. Earle, 250.; Rocky Landscape, J. Tennant, 300.  
C. Robinson, 250.; On the Thames, near Windsor, A. Montague, 250.

J. H. Strange, 250.; the Cowherd, W. Shayer, 310. 10s.  
A. Bencall, 200.; an Old Weir on the River Ouse, H. J. Boddington, 250.  
W. Clarke, 200.; an Avenue at Altyre, &c., A. J. Woolmer, 200.  
W. Bridges, 200.; a Farm Yard, C. Josi, 300.  
T. Cullis, 200.; the Ducal Palace, &c., Venice, C. Vacher, 250.  
Rev. J. J. Ellis, 200.; on the Webber, South Devon, J. H. Boddington, 310. 10s.  
J. Floris, 200.; Fern Cutters, W. Shayer, 200.  
W. Higgs, 200.; Cock Mill, near Whitby, A. Clint, 210.  
J. Holday, 200.; Itinerant Fishmonger, W. Shayer, 210.  
G. Hooper, 200.; Dogana, and Church of St. Maria della Salute, C. F. Tomkins, 210.  
Rev. Dr. Mortimer, 200.; Watering-place, J. Wilson, jun., 220. 1s.  
R. Nutter, 200.; Scene on the Scheidt, H. Lancaster, 300.  
S. Payne, 200.; The Fisherman's Welcome, J. Stewart, 300.  
Miss Bird, 150.; the Fortune Teller, W. Bownes, 210.  
F. W. Cronhelm, 150.; a Lane Scene in Kent, H. J. Boddington, 260. 5s.  
J. Heywood, 150.; A Lane in Kent, H. J. Boddington, 150.  
M. King, 150.; River Scene—Moonlight, E. Williams, 150.  
Miss Martin, 150.; a Magdalen, C. Baxter, 150.  
J. Morrison, 150.; On the French Coast, H. Lancaster, 150.  
Rev. J. Thompson, 150.; The Village School, H. J. Boddington, 150.  
E. Warner, 150.; Dinner Time, J. F. Herring, 160. 10s.  
J. Blakeney, 100.; King's Mill, Stratford Meadows, J. Thorpe, 100. 10s.  
J. Brown, 100.; Infant Samuel—Enamel, J. Haslem, 100. 10s.  
E. Collins, 100.; Italian Boys, Mrs. V. Bartholomew, 100. 10s.  
Rev. J. E. Cox, 100.; Sandron Bay, Isle of Wight, A. Vickers, 100.  
W. Dickinson, 100.; The Solent Sea, near Yarmouth, A. Vickers, 100.  
W. Dixon, 100.; Crombie Point, on the Frith of Forth, J. Wilson, 100.  
C. J. King, 100.; Gipsies, C. Foster, 100. 10s.  
Mrs. Leyburn, 100.; Welsh Peasants, J. Zeiter, 100.  
Miss Sutor, 100.; Scene from the Lady of the Lake, Miss Slater, 100.  
W. Tarratt, 100.; View on the Lake of Como, C. F. Tomkins, 100. 10s.

##### From the Society of Painters in Water Colours.

C. Goodall, 800.; Ehrenbreitstein, H. Gastineau, 840.  
Miss Roberts, 500.; Ben Venue, the Trossachs, &c., Copley Fielding, 420.  
Mrs. Col. Tulloh, 500.; The Little Dunc, Eliza Sharpe, 420.  
G. Constable, 400.; Harlech, North Wales, P. De Wint, 520. 10s.  
Mrs. Aaron, 300.; Evening—View of a Walled City, S. Palmer, 300.  
R. Roberts, 300.; A View on the Derwent, P. De Wint, 230. 2s.  
Col. Wood, 300.; Torquay, looking over Torbay, W. Calow, 260. 5s.  
A. Hughes, 250.; Goodrich Castle, Copley Fielding, 250. 4s.  
Lady Mary Lambton, 250.; Brig off St. Valery, Coast of Normandy, C. Bentley, 300. 15s.  
W. Abbott, 200.; Siarne Lough, County Antrim, H. Gastineau, 210.  
Rev. W. Edge, 200.; At Nuremberg, Bavaria, S. Frost, 220. 1s.  
W. R. North, 150.; South View of Bolton Abbey, Copley Fielding, 150. 15s.  
J. Paul, 150.; Landscape—Noon, F. O. Finch, 150. 15s.  
C. Prater, 150.; The Confession, J. W. Wright, 260. 15s.  
Messrs. Fores, 100.; Waking Up, W. Hunt, 120. 12s.  
Major Gen. Osborne, 100.; Entrance to Dartmouth Harbour, Copley Fielding, 110. 11s.  
C. Pope, 100.; the Pageant of the Lord of Miracle, J. P. Stephanoff, 100.  
Rev. H. W. Stibthorpe, 100.; Brougham Mill, P. De Wint, 500.

##### From the New Society of Painters in Water Colours.

Mrs. Shaw, 600.; The Vale of Avoca, G. B. Camplin, 470. 5s.  
J. L. Bendam, 400.; The Vicar of Wakefield, Jos. Absoion, 500.  
V. Cherrill, 250.; Interior, E. H. Wehnert, 260. 5s.  
Mrs. Follitt, 150.; A Shaded Brook, H. Jutsum, 150.  
J. Scott, 150.; Sunset—Sketch on Wimplesdon Common, H. Maplesstone, 180. 18s.  
J. Hobson, 100.; Quentia Durward, W. H. Kearney, 80. 8s.  
Mrs. Keiley, 100.; The Dream, Louisa Corbous, 100.  
Dr. Macturk, 100.; Lucy Ashton, J. J. Jenkins, 150.  
F. Lett, 100.; Village Church, at Beaudenau, W. Oliver, 100. 10s.  
F. Kirry, 100.; on the Sands, Boulogne, J. J. Jenkins, 100. 10s.  
E. Moira, 100.; Lane Scene, near Saffron Walden, J. M. Youngman, 100. 10s.  
R. De Villers, 100.; Scene in Bickley Vale, Devon, A. Penley, 100. 10s.  
Mrs. Rodd, 100.; Boppard, on the Rhine, W. N. Hardwick, 100. 10s.  
R. Savage, jun., 100.; Peasant Girls, A. Penley, 100. 10s.  
B. L. Vunham, 100.; Scene on Dartmoor, A. Penley, 100. 10s.



## THE ARTS IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

**ITALY.—ROME.**—*Necropolis of Veii.*—Much interest is continually kept alive in regard to Etruscan antiquities, from the number of excavations that have been recently made in the Necropolis of Veii and elsewhere. In one lately-opened tomb, besides representations of men and horses on the walls, there are animals painted in fantastic colours as in modern arabesques. In this tomb was found a helmet, pierced on both sides, as if by a lance, or some such weapon, probably having belonged to the warrior in whose honour it was constructed.

*Burying-place of the early Christians.*—A new opening has been made into the catacombs on the opposite side of Rome from St. Sebastian's, where our readers are aware the entrance to them has long been. Some figures in attitudes of prayer are found rudely painted on the walls above the tombs; many small circular openings occur at different places—supposed places of prayer; but none have altars. The usual Christian inscriptions of "PAX," &c., are found on many tombs.

*D'Alvees.*—The Pope has released from personal service in his Swiss Guards, a young soldier, named D'Alvees, who has shown a strong genius for painting.

**PARMA.**—*Frescoes of Correggio.*—By command of the Grand Duchess Maria Louisa, the Cavalier Toschi has been occupied in making drawings for engraving, from the famed Correggio frescoes in the dome of the cathedral, as well as from those in the "Camera di San Paolo." One of the plates of the frescoes of the Camera di St. Paolo will soon appear.

**VERONA.**—*Portrait of Dante, by Giotto.*—In the Basilica of St. Fermo Maggiore, in this place, a large picture in fresco, by Giotto, the subject a crucifixion, has been discovered. What renders the picture peculiarly interesting is, that it contains a portrait of Dante when young.

**MILAN.**—*Sculpture.*—Luigi Marchesi, brother of the celebrated Pompeo Marchesi, has excited much admiration by his recent works, namely his statues of Professor Albertoni, the Marchioness Ala Ponzone, the Duke Visconti Modrone, &c.; his group of 'Charity,' for the Countess Ciceri; his statue of 'The Madonna,' for the church of Bicemo, at Varese; 'Three Children' (a group), for the Duke Uberto Visconti, &c.

**GERMANY.—VIENNA.**—*New Church at Leopoldstadt.*—Professor Von Rosner is occupied in preparing cartoons for painting in fresco the new church in Leopoldstadt. Two are completed, and are greatly admired: the subjects of all the frescoes are drawn from the passage to the cross, *via dolorosa.*

**BERLIN.**—*Archeology.*—A new monthly archaeological publication was announced at the meeting of the Archeological Society, on the 9th of March, by Herr Gerhard, in which will appear regular bulletins of the antiquarian discoveries in the neighbourhood of Rome and Naples. From the first number of the work, Professor Gerhard read an article on the Monument of Sesostris, at Karabel, between Smyrna and Sardis; and a memoir regarding the Augustan "Marmor Ancyrenum."

*Cornelius.*—Cornelius has been making designs to be represented in *tableaux vivants*, to be exhibited at the court festivals. The subjects are drawn from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered."

*C. Hermann.*—Herr C. Hermann has been called from Munich to execute the frescoes in the Atrium of the Museum. The subject proposed is a pictorial development of German history under the old Northern Mythology, and then under the influence of Christianity.

**MUNICH.**—*Art-Union.*—The Art-Union here numbered, for the year 1842, 2870 members. The picture to be engraved for the subscribers is,—"The Entrance of Frederick Barbarossa into Milan," by Schnorr. The engraving is by Thater. *Swankhaler.*—Professor Swankhaler has completed the marble group of 'Ceres and Proserpine,' for Count Redern, of Berlin, and is now occupied with the models of the statues of Von Tilly and Von Wrede, to be cast in bronze, for the new hall near the Residence.

**LEIPZIG.**—*Exhibition.*—The exhibition here, though only consisting of drawings, engravings, and lithographs, is a very interesting one. The number of exhibitions has been fourteen, from

the first establishment of the Art-Union. The last contained drawings and etchings of the most celebrated living artists of the schools of Dresden, Dusseldorf, and Munich, including drawings and etchings by Schirmer, Lessing, and Bendemann.

**FRANKFORT.**—*Monument to Goethe.*—The spot for the monument to Goethe, to be erected here, has been fixed on—the *Theater Platz*, facing the "Stadtallee."

**GORLITZ.**—*General Winterfeldt.*—A monument is to be erected here to the memory of General Hans Carl von Winterfeldt, celebrated in the seven years' war, on the spot where he fell. It is to be a cube of red granite, supported on columns of the same—having on one side the inscription "Here fell Winterfeldt, the 7th of September, 1757."

**ERLANGEN.**—*The Margravine of Bareith.*—The King of Prussia has ordered that a monument be erected here to the memory of the Margravine of Bareith, sister to Frederick II.

**LIMBURG.**—*The Cathedral.*—The beautiful Cathedral here, of Byzantine architecture, is now in process of restoration; two new towers, according to the original plan, are to be added.

**SWITZERLAND.—GENEVA.**—*The Tomb of Calvin.*—The sculptor Dezereus has offered to the council of the town to erect a monument on the grave of Calvin; but the proposal was declined in conformity with the desire of Calvin, expressed in his last will, that no monument should be placed on his grave.

**DENMARK.—COPENHAGEN.**—*Thorwaldsen.*—The last bas-relief of Thorwaldsen is of very large size; the subject is 'The Rejoicing in Heaven at the birth of Christ.' Three angels float in the middle; one bears a harp, the other two a piece of music; around them are other angels with different musical instruments. The whole is very animated and beautiful. Thorwaldsen has lately finished for the King a statue of his grandson playing with large dog—the boy is in the costume of a hunter.

**SWEDEN.—STOCKHOLM.**—*The Cathedral.*—The ancient cathedral here, which was partly destroyed by lightning in 1835, has been restored. The new steeple is of iron.

*Archeology.*—To those whose taste leads them to retire for a while from the bustle and strife of present pursuits among the quiet fields of antiquity, we have to note several works of much interest. The first we shall name is the beautiful publication of the Cav. Giov. Pietro Campana, entitled, "Antiche Opere in Plastica della Collezione del Cav. Giov. Pietro Campana." Roma, 1842.

*Ancient Works in Plastic, from the Collection of the Cav. Giov. Pietro Campana.*—These works give examples admirably lithographed from a most rare collection of plastic works, the forming of which has been the labour of many years; they are collected from the ruins of Latium, the tombs of Etruria, and the inexhaustible treasury contained in the soil of Ancient Rome. They consist of statues of every size, bas-reliefs, friezes, and every variety of ornament used by the ancients in the decoration of their houses: in this last department the collection is singularly rich; and we were especially interested by the engravings of the details of the roof and ornaments of an ancient residence at Ostia, part of which, by some extraordinary chance, still remains; the roof is perfect, and is a beautiful example of the care and elegance which the ancients extended to the construction of buildings even of the humblest materials. This brick roof is worked and adorned like the marble one of a temple; the antifixes are the most beautiful bas-reliefs of marine deities, Nereids, masks of Neptune, &c. &c., suited to the situation of the house on the seashore, as are the cornices, friezes, and other ornaments; the bricks are stamped with the names of the consuls, Arrius Petinus and Ventidius Apronianus, which carries us back to a flourishing period of Roman Art—the age of Adrian. This slight indication may give some idea of the interest attached to the work: it is to extend to 120 parts; three only are published; the descriptive text is in French and Italian; the size large folio.

The second work which has excited our admiration is that of M. Roulez, Professor of Archeology in the University of Geneva, and is the fruit of travel and study, principally devoted to the examination of ancient vases, and the explanation and illustration of the subjects the designs on them

represent. One example only we shall give. In the collection of the Cav. Pizzati, at Florence, is a vase in which the 'Judgment of Paris' is represented. In this painting Paris gives the apple, not to Venus, but to Juno; there is no doubt on the subject, for Juno is clearly recognised by her diadem, her veil above the peplos, her long tunic, and pomgranate wreathed sceptre. Venus turning away from Paris and Juno, bears the myrtle-sprig in her hand. Minerva is in complete armour.

Now, M. Roulez explains this as a work of the Sophists: it was their pleasure to overthrow, or try to do so, received opinions; and as it is known that some of their number tried to exhibit Helen as a model of domestic merit, and that her phantom only appeared in Troy, sent by Jove to excite dissension, so some other Sophist has adopted Paris, and makes him here prefer Juno to Venus, the rest of his career being probably that of a hero; his countenance and dress have a severe simplicity in this design, which give increased probability to the opinion of M. Roulez, whom we regret we cannot follow in his further researches. The third work to which we shall call the attention of our readers, bears more nearly on modern times. It is published in Berlin, and is called "Die Altchristen Bauwerke von Ravenna vom fünften zum neunten Jahrhundert historisch geordnet und durch Abbildung erläutert von Al. Ferdinand von Quast." The ancient Christian edifices of Ravenna, from the fifth to the ninth century, historically arranged and explained by plans.

Ravenna became for a time, after the fall of Rome, the most important city of the west; and during this, its short and brilliant period, were erected specimens of Christian architecture, adaptations of architectural forms to a new worship. In these buildings is recognised the Byzantine style, brought from Constantinople, bearing in its pure and regular character traces of the Grecian tradition in contrast to the Roman Christian temples of that period, which were either somewhat rude buildings, or merely adaptations of Pagan places of worship to Christian rites.

Herr Quast gives not only examples of the general spirit of the edifices, but furnishes minute individual details, and, besides the plates, his clear descriptive pen, separating and characterizing with learned acumen, makes his work easy to be understood, as well as instructive. His opinions are based on firm foundations, supported by proofs drawn from monuments, inscriptions, and ancient writings, so that the edifices of Ravenna stand before us in their chronological order, with notices on the relation in style and character they bear to each other. The plates are only twenty in number, and it were to be desired that their number was increased to represent all the interesting early Christian architectural works at Ravenna. Those given in Herr Quast's work, are simply as illustrations of his text.

## MEMORIES OF PICTURES.

By Mrs. S. C. HALL.

## NO. IV.—THE MINIATURES OF PETER OLIVER.

THERE is a class of pictures that may be more peculiarly termed PICTURES OF THE AFFECTIONS—pictures which, although hardly honoured as much as they deserve, are beloved far more than all others: placed next the heart, they become, as it were, enshrined within it; passing years within the beating sanctuary of our bosoms, OUR OWN, OUR OWN ONLY, too sacred to be talked of or exposed to common eyes; cherished beyond all telling; pressed by the lips of childhood in its first lesson of love; and kissed, when the world is fading, on the bed of death. No matter how roughly the usages of the world deal with us, who is there so utterly alone—so without sympathy and tenderness, without what occasionally softens and ennobles even a life that sin has stained and sorrow worn—who is there that has not moistened a mother's, a husband's, a child's, a sister's, a friend's MINIATURE with tears, or covered it with purest kisses? How many of those companioning evidences of love have been found "soaked" in the lifeblood of the faithful soldier on the wild battle-field, or cast up by the waves of the mad sea—a thing smiling with mimic life and love amid wreck and desolation. There are few cottages so humble but that a miniature—roughly and coarsely executed, and so awfully out of drawing, as to provoke, perhaps, a smile of scorn

rather than of sympathy—hangs over the chimney, the centre of all the little ornament the dwelling contains. You find them everywhere—glittering in the most costly gems in our royal palaces, or recalling the days and companions of our youth, the beginning and end, the first and last of "the Art that can immortalize." There is something home-loving in the occupation of miniature-painting which renders it a branch of Art peculiarly suited to women: it requires but little of the room, the bustle, and preparation of its more stately, though not more lovely, sisters; a light firm hand, a clear eye—the more anatomical knowledge and patient study the better, certainly: women surely are patient by nature, and opportunities for acquiring knowledge are increasing every day; the most exquisite person cannot discover any disagreeable odour in the preparations necessary; and in any room where a good north light can be obtained, a miniature can be painted. I cannot deny that men have surpassed women in this, as well as in all other branches of the Art; but I think, as far as miniature-painting is concerned, it may, without vanity, be ascribed to their being so much called forth, Desdemona-like, to "household duties." Men labour at a profession, and do nothing else; women, on the contrary, if they attend to their first great duties, can only take up a profession during the hours which are stolen from repose and recreation. It has been one of my greatest sources of delight, year after year, to observe the improvement of those young ladies whom I remember almost holding their first pencils; and it was with sincere pleasure I noted, only a few days ago, the gaze of admiration and the voice of public applause uniting in warm approval of the beautiful things they have achieved. I wish any words of mine could stimulate them to press forward in noble competition with the productions of the great "masters" whose pencils seem endowed with life; and never to yield to discouraging feelings, but believe that the will to do, is sooner or later accompanied by the power to do. Water-colour drawings of a larger size frequently take the place which miniatures once exclusively occupied in household decoration; but as keepsakes, miniatures must always retain their value. Old-fashioned country-houses are generally great depositories of miniatures: you frequently discover them stowed away in antique cabinets, shut up in secret drawers; sometimes you see them set, as an old jeweller called it once, "in harmony,"—two very small miniatures forming a clasp; as lockets, in brooches, or broad bracelet clasps, frequently so faded that little more than the outlines remain; while others are full of colour and expression, preserved in morocco cases that once were red, lined with satin that once was white, and fastened with rich gold clasps; and though the cherished and the cherisher are only remembered as "ancestors"—names to be proud of because entailed on church walls, or associated with monumental marbles, still miniatures are seldom insulted or destroyed. They are of a meek and unobtrusive, of an almost holy character, sanctified by private feeling. The heart must, indeed, be hard that would insult an old miniature!

A venerable castle, where some of the happiest hours of my life have been spent, is the very paradise of miniatures: instead of being hid away in holes and corners, they are placed on the tables, in the cabinets, and on the projecting slab of a high chimney-piece. One of these miniatures was said to have been painted by Peter Oliver, the younger of the two who were so celebrated during the reigns of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, and whose works, still found in the collections of the curious, are deemed of rare value. This miniature, the portrait of a lady, excited in me so painful an interest that I have sat in the embrasure of an old window until the evening deepened into twilight, working myself into such a fit of nervousness that the miniature trembled on my hand. Now, it seems strange that a branch of Art which I so dearly love, should be associated with "a memory" of a mysterious and painful character. The lady was painted in a pale pink satin dress, high on the shoulders, and looped very low on the bosom by a bunch of flowers, every leaf of which would have borne a magnifying glass without their beauty being impaired; the throat was long, and the head small and vigorous; a high bold forehead, unshaded by any of those ringlets that stood out around the pale thoughtful features, imparted both dignity and power to the expression; and if it had not been for the firm straight line of

thin lips, the miniature might have been considered that of a beautiful, although determined, woman. I believe the mouth is the most difficult feature to paint; I know it is the feature of all others which those who are not painters least remember in the portraits they look upon; ordinary talent makes it small and red—"twin cherries parted;" mouths of intellect are generally more expressive than beautiful, indeed many are decidedly ugly; but this lady's could not be pronounced so; it was much, much worse—it was one of suppressed anguish and unspoken bitterness. I have seen many exquisite miniatures of our English school—things to be loved and cherished, miniatures of power and beauty, forming an almost neglected portion of our national exhibition, and yet being a glorious exhibition in themselves—but I never saw, and hope I may never see, such a mouth as that; no pen could paint it, no eloquence describe the effect it produced on me; perhaps the story attached to the picture had much influence in giving the impression: it was this:—

A brother and sister, of high rank and considerable mental endowments; so considerable, indeed, that when little more than children, it was believed they tampered with the occult sciences, and understood much that the truly wise and virtuous hold in abhorrence. They were strongly attached to each other: the lady preferred Latin to tapestry work, and read from the same books as her brother; he took no pleasure in the sports and pastimes that in general delight young men, and by his intense love of study wearied even his tutor—an Italian friar, who had been brought over, from his highly religious and scientific reputation, to educate the youth, the only son of an ancient and noble house. How the brother and sister imbibed their peculiar notions, can hardly be conjectured; for when the Friar found that these young creatures entertained, in addition to divers heresies, an entire disbelief in the blessings or punishments of a future state, he first, as in duty bound, endeavoured to reason them out of their fearful heresy; and finding that impossible, resigned his charge, with deep and earnest regrets that his labours had been so perverted: for he had at first taught them the art of cunning disputation, which in the end they turned against him. Left thus to themselves (for their father was a frank, free Baron, who loved the wine-cup and the chase; and their mother, a sweet gentle lady, whose mind was nearly as unexercised at fifty as it had been at fifteen), they plunged, like fallen angels, still more deeply into the dark and dangerous abyss of false knowledge, and became hardened in infidelity; the hard, bitter, corroding sin, that knows no happiness for time, no hope for eternity, fixed itself upon them, and doubtless stamped the closed and painful impression upon the lady's lips, which I have looked upon so frequently. At last it was decided that the youth should travel; his burly father thought this was necessary to complete his son's education, because he had so completed his; and his mother, who had never expressed a contradiction to her husband's will, prepared for her son's journey. The brother and sister felt this separation bitterly; they had been all in all to each other from earliest infancy: the girl to the full as eager for knowledge as the boy; their only pleasure, in imparting pleasure to each other. The night before the youth's departure, they walked for some time along the shore, shadowed by the towers of their ancestral hall. The sea rolled heavily along the beach, breaking with but little foam, but a low moaning noise; the sky was overcast, and starless, and the moon looked damp and heavy; large full rain-drops warned them to take shelter in one of the fissures of the rock from the coming storm; it hurried fiercely across the ocean, the lightning cresting the waves with fire, while a sudden discharge of the electric fluid reverberated through the caverns—peal after peal of heaven's own artillery. The boy and girl stood side by side, watching the strife of elements, with bold unwinking eyes; suddenly a flash, a glory of light, flew past the brother and circled his sister; she fell, and for a moment he believed her dead; it was but for a moment—the lightning had spared its victim. She was confused and speechless, but she pressed his hand, and in a very short time was able to express her sensations, mingled with a word of praise to God for her escape. The youth's infidelity remained unshaken: *even then* he jested at the spontaneous feeling which had produced the exclamation. His sister, still trembling, entreated

he would make her a promise; it was the last evening they should be together for at least two years; she would make the same vow to him she desired he should to her; and when he consented, she made him kneel by her side, and then—while the thunder still muttered its responses to the ocean's roar, and the lightning, no longer forked, flashed its broad blue flakes through the distant clouds—he promised her, that if he died before her, and found there was really an hereafter, he would come from the spirit world and tell her so, leaving a *TOKEN* by which she should know that the visitation was no idle dream. She, on her part, gave the same awful pledge. It was a strange unnatural compact between those two; but it was entered into. They returned to the hall, and next morning the brother departed. Two years elapsed, but the young man became so enamoured with the dissipation of foreign life that he forgot his home; two more, and even his sister, the beloved and cherished fellow-student of his youth, only heard of his talents, and beauty, and knowledge, from comparative strangers. Her father waxed so wrath, that he threatened to disinherit his son if he did not come back within a given time; yet he came not. One day her poor mother's death took her husband as much by surprise, as if he had not known that she was wasting into her grave during the last ten years of her trembling existence. Soon after this the sister married, and the old Baron kept up the old state alone.

I inquired curiously to ascertain if there existed any memory connected with the original of the miniature, to lead to the knowledge whether she was happy or unhappy as a wife; but nothing appears to be remembered except that, having left her father's house, she resided with her husband in another part of the country, rather avoided by the gentlemen as a *savante*, and though young, already mentioned by the ladies as one "who had been" handsome. That she married and left her father's house, is certain; that many years elapsed, and she had not seen her brother; and that (so goes the tale) at least twelve months had passed since she even heard of him. I tell the story as I have heard it a score of times—from old and young, rich and poor, sometimes whispered in the twilight, or when the blaze of the Christmas fire threw the carved furniture of the castle (where the miniature now is) into strong relief; and once, many years ago, I heard it, in the old, crumbling, mildewed room the lady slept in when a child—I heard it from the woman whose grandmother had nursed the brother and sister—she was then nearly ninety years of age, a blind crone, yet so familiar with every passage of the hall, that no one ever led or looked after her; all day long, she would traverse the passages, and at night, if a door clapped, or the boards creaked, every one knew that the old woman was again about. She could not remember the names of her grandchildren, yet her eyes would roll and her wrinkles become more rigid when she related what I will repeat. The lady had not, as I have said, even heard of her brother for quite a year; and though doubtless she often thought of him, his name was never mentioned. The summer passed, the harvest moon was bright in the heavens, and cast its beams through the small-paned but lofty windows of the bed-room, where the lady and her husband slept. The lady suddenly awoke, and saw her brother standing by the bed-side, close to the curtains; she sprang up, and held her hand out to him; he drew back; she called him by name; his reply was—"There is an hereafter." Fully on the remembrance of their compact came upon her, she had sufficient presence of mind to address him. "Is it so indeed?" she whispered; "but when I think of this, if I speak of it, how shall I know that you have come to tell me this—leave me the *TOKEN*." The apparition looped the foot bed-curtains one within the other. "Not enough," she said; "any hand might do that." The form glided to the bedside, pressed the fingers upon her wrist, that was beating its mad pulses on the coverlet—and was gone. It was morning before her husband awoke; the lady could not move, and her eyes were fixed; but, when aroused, her mind was perfectly clear; she pointed to her wrist—it was marked by the impression of the dead man's hand, exactly where it had been pressed—there was no pain, no soreness, but it was blackened as if burned. In a few weeks letters arrived, stating that on the night of this extraordinary appearance her brother had died—how, was variously stated; some said in one way, some in another, but all agreed as to the *fact*. The



lady always wore her own miniature clasping a broad black velvet ribbon over those mysterious marks, which accompanied her to her grave; and it was removed at her death by those who placed her in her coffin. She lived about fifteen years after this visitation, devoting herself to acts of piety and charity, though her demeanour was cold and repulsive to the last. The miniature is still in existence—I saw it last about a year ago; and to doubt the truth of the tale I have related, in the neighbourhood where the family resided, would be considered a fearful heresy.

If Peter Oliver really painted it, his task must have been painful, for the proud silent lady could not have excited his sympathy. She looks determined not to please. Whenever I think of miniatures, that is the first that occurs to me—with all its accompaniments—the wild theories of these unhappy children, the seaside cave, the ruined hall, the tattered hangings of the red velvet bed, whose foot curtains were never unlooped, the—but perhaps, now that I have written it, it will not haunt me as it has done, leaving place for what will give more pleasure—the memory of some of the beautiful productions of the OLIVERS which have been fortunate enough to see from time to time.\* The history of those exquisite artists—I mean the father and son—is, perhaps, the most unpropitious a biographer could stumble upon. Both seem to have lived industrious, tranquil, peaceable, prosperous lives, delighting in leisure, abounding in patience, and enjoying nearly as much fame before as after their gentle unro-

\* I append to my anecdote a few notes concerning the two painters—all I have been able to procure, and I believe nearly all that can be procured concerning them.

Isaac Oliver was born 1556, died 1617, at the age of 61. He studied under Hilliard, and afterwards under Zuccherro. He painted the most distinguished persons of his time: among them Elizabeth; Mary, Queen of Scots; Prince Henry, son of James I.; Ben Johnson, and others. Rubens and Vandyke used his miniature of James I. for their portraits of that Sovereign. His miniatures of the Digby family are considered his finest works: they were lately sold at Strawberry-hill, and were discovered, in Walpole's time, in an old house in Wales, belonging to a descendant of the family of Digby. The portrait of Lady Digby, as she was found dead in bed, was esteemed by Walpole as the finest work in existence of this master. The whole set had been enclosed in ivory and ebony cases, and then locked in a wainscot box, so that they had fully preserved their tints. Walpole gave 300 guineas for them.

His prices may be gathered from an entry in the office-book of Lord Harrington, April 4, 1617, when he was paid, for four portraits of Prince Henry, £40. He painted whole-lengths, the best being 'Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury,' who is lying reclined on one arm beside a tree; and a very curious full-length of 'Sir Philip Sidney' sitting on a bank beneath a tree: a quaint and curious dress is worn by him; and in the background is a mansion, and its formal garden, with 'thick pleached alleys' and walks. He drew frequently from the old masters: Raffaele's 'Murder of the Innocents' he copied; 'Holy Families,' 'Magdalena' and 'Heads of Christ' of his are also to be seen. His largest work is an 'Entombment of Christ,' consisting of 26 figures. An anonymous writer of the time says, "It was a piece of the greatest beauty and perfection, so near as it was finished, that I think Europe or the world can produce." Charles I. employed him to copy, in miniature, some of the paintings by Titian in his own collection, which he is said to have "admirably performed." He bestowed great time on his works. "A Madonna," of Mr. Isaac Oliver's limning, cost him 8 years, as himself told me." (Bodleian MSS. note.) He died in Blackfriars in 1607, aged 61 or 62. He was buried in St. Anne's Church, in that parish; but the great fire destroyed his tomb, erected by his son.

Many of Hilliard's highly-finished works have been long attributed to I. Oliver. Queen Elizabeth sat frequently to Hilliard, who painted in a pale style, with little strength of colouring; he was much admired in his day, the Queen declaring all shadows in portraiture unnatural. James I. gave him a patent, by which he alone had the privilege of giving portraits of the King and Court to the world, and had leave to "take a constant" and seize any portraits or plates not according to what he might consider the true likeness.

Peter Oliver was frequently employed upon his father's pictures, particularly after he had grown old. He frequently copied paintings by the great masters. He generally made two of each portrait, keeping one for himself. His father bequeathed him all his drawings of his own execution; and he was empowered to purchase any other pictures in the same collection at one quarter less than their value. He was buried with his father, and probably died in 1634; the story of his widow serving to show that he was not alive at the restoration. He appears to have succeeded his father in business, and have gone on with such regularity and industry through life that no event has been recorded by any biographer.

mantic deaths. The widow of the younger was unfortunate enough to dispose of some of her husband's miniatures to the weak-minded sensualist whose hand stained the British sceptre after Cromwell's death. His Majesty gave them away to the "ladies" whose beauty created an immortality for Sir Peter Lely. This roused the honest indignation of the painter's widow, who retained some of the Parian purity of old times, and she said, imprudently but honestly, "that if she thought the King would have given the miniatures her husband painted to such creatures, he should not have had them:" a right brave saying, worthy of the widow of a man of genius. But what did the King? Why, he clutched the words as a pretext for unblushing dishonesty, and stopped the pension, which was paying by instalments for the pictures he had bought!

#### SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.

Sir,—In the "Somerset House Drawing Book," No. 1, it is laid down:—

1st. That ornamental art, as an imitative art, ranks midway between fine art and mechanical art, and partakes of the nature of both.

2nd. That the fine arts, in dealing with poetry, history, and moral expression occupy a ground in which the ornamental has no right to enter.

And yet thirdly, that on beauty, the artist and ornamentalist occupy the same ground.

Again, the author says the power of imitating objects artistically, is not adequate to the ends the ornamentalist has in view; and yet at page 3, the author says, "It is not merely with lines the ornamentalist has to do, he has often to represent the colour and effect of metallic substances, the glitter of gems, in short to make a picture of the article manufactured, which shall show its general character and appearance, rather than the exact details of its form and ornament, and there is no other way of acquiring the power of doing this, than by the habit of copying, as an artist, the objects themselves or similar ones."

Again he says, the ornamentalist arrives at practice through science—the artist to science through practice.

And yet he says in the same page, "a saving of time would be effected, if the chief labour at commencement were bestowed (by the ornamentalist) on drawing by the hand!"

In reply to these inconsistencies, I beg leave to state that—

1st. The ornamentalist and the artist both express their thoughts and inventions by the mechanical operation of imitating natural objects by form, colour, and light and shadow. Imitation of natural objects is, therefore, the basis of both ornamental art and high art, and the easiest plan of practising the eye to see, the brain to conclude, and the hand to obey, is the best plan at the beginning, both for ornamentalist and artist.

A student may puzzle his memory so long by scientific distinctions, if he begin by science, as to find when he has acquired science, his hand perfectly helpless; and, therefore, both in the case of the ornamentalist and artist, a certain degree of peribled practice of hand, eye, and brain, is absolutely necessary for the highest genius in each department, as well as the humblest, so that when their minds comprehend any principle of science, or any object of nature, their hands may at once be able to illustrate them by design.

No great artist of the Greek and Italian schools was considered a great artist without science, and no great ornamentalist was considered a great ornamentalist unless he was a great artist too. Raffaele was a great ornamentalist; Giovanni d'Udine, and Cellini, were artists as well as ornamentalists, and the foundation of both characters is, first, a power of imitating what you see.

There is no doubt the imitation of senseless angles and cones, the octagons and pentagons, may generate a dead sort of mechanical imitation; but the mind of the mechanic and artist sleeps, because there is nothing whatever to interest their sensibilities in the progress; give them beautiful eyes, their sympathies are excited, and the circle and ellipsis being portions in the shape of eyes, they acquire the same power of imitation, and exercise their powers of thinking too—follow eyes by the nose, they learn the perpendicular—let them then practise the mouth, they are obliged to make it horizontal, or at right angles with the perpendicular of the nose; the shape of the head is an ellipse, the forehead and chin, portions of the circle.

A human head is thus got through—combined with a human look, and a human expression; the students feel as they proceed; what practice for geometrical designs is left out in the figure? Then come action, repose, intention, and thought, by circles, ellipses, angles, and perpendiculars, but combined as a whole to convey a meaning; when the artist and mechanic are got thus far, show them if you please, where is the geometry of the head and figure; practise them in angles and circles, that they may know their meaning; make them both men of science, if you like, and let the mechanic begin to branch off—but begin with making both skilful in hand, eye, and brain, by imitating the same object, for, according to our author at Somerset House, "a saving of time would then be engendered, if the chief labour at first were drawing by the hand."

If the power of imitation be the first power required, as I have proved—both from what I have said, and what our opponent says—why separate the education of artist and mechanic? But what will you say, he says, when he acknowledges that in the most important of all qualities of design, viz., beauty, the artist and mechanic stand on the same ground, and yet he would separate their education? And though he admits, page 1, they stand on the same ground, yet, he again says, they proceed to exhibit beauty by a method totally the reverse to each other!

"Beauty," says he, "with the ornamentalist, is a quality separable from natural objects." I reply, it cannot be. Beauty, with the ornamentalist, from whatever form taken and applied, excites the emotion in the work of the ornamentalist, not because it is separated from the object to which it naturally belongs, but because, to whatever object applied, it has the power of again exciting the emotion, as it did when a component part of its natural object at first.

If a sculptor, says he, makes a lily, he models a lily. "Not so the ornamentalist—the lily appears in his hands with a new individuality." Of course, but it is still a lily—the ornamentalist makes it a cup, a vase, but I reply it is still a lily turned into a vase and cup—and if it be not like a lily, what would a sensible master say to a mechanic who showed him a cup made of a lily? "A lily! it is not a bit like a lily. Pray did you model a lily, or draw a lily?" "No, Sir, I did not, because we ornamentalists treat lilies with a new individuality."

Very true, my pupil, but to be able to give a new individuality to a lily, you must first be able to form a lily in clay, or by drawing; to model or draw a lily, you must get a lily and study it; after studying it, you must imitate it by modelling or drawing. Imitation is the foundation of all arts or design, whether for the artist or ornamentalist; and though the ornamentalist turns a lily into a new office, if he cannot imitate a lily or a human figure, somebody else must be employed to do them for him, and this must prove to you, my pupil, the necessity of the ornamentalist and the artist beginning alike. Because what applies to the lily will apply to the figure, and the arguments are as good in one case as the other, and both prove the same truth.

The author proceeds to say "that the ornamentalist and the artist are imitators of nature, but in different senses—in the one, the resemblance is fictitious; in the other, a reality." I reply, the resemblance in both is fictitious, and in both a reality, though the application is different.

The basis of all this sophistry is simply this: the London leading artists had been so accustomed to be, by their rank, their payment, their honour, and their privilege, a distinct class, that they were shocked by any attempt to revive the old connexion between artist and artisan. It was a sculptor, though rising from humble but respectable parents, who first intimated the insult of giving the artisan an education, which would rank him more as an artist than, for 300 years, he had hitherto been in England, and, of course, without any imputation on the honourable motives of any one now; we all know there is a degree of sensibility as to duty, in defending the views of our superiors, if to them we owe our station and our existence in life: it is right it should be so; perhaps I do not know if one is not inclined to respect gratitude, if even it lead a man into the most egregious folly.

It is a question, if the education of the mechanic be not of more importance than the great artist's. See how he worms himself into all the ramifications of domestic decoration; and consider, if he had, like the German and the Frenchman, the power of conveying his thoughts by drawing the figure, how prettily, at a little cost, the drawing-room of the middle classes, or their parlour, or their bed-room, might be made vehicles of history, and poetry, and design. The more the power of design is diffused, the greater, and not the less, will be the employment of the great painters. The wealthy and the noble will always have the best of everything; and they who love the handsomest women, drink the best wines, ride the best horses, and claim the highest stations, will not be very apt to desert the best artists, when they want their efforts, I am decidedly of Burke's opinion, "Whatever turns attention to Art, even the purchase of old pictures," said he "reflects again on modern painters."

Never, I assure you, was British Art in greater danger than now. This London school, by separating the artist and the mechanic, and promulgating the doctrine, that sound art and decorative art are distinct, will, in all probability, do more mischief than a century will remedy: because the facility of admission is great, young artists go to it, and all the horrors of gaudiness, glare, hardness, and false taste, will spread like wildfire among the rising generation.

What reason can be given, that a flower should look in decoration like botanical preparations, pasted flat on lime? Distinctness is necessary, of course, but why cannot imitations of nature be distinct, without being inconsistent with the eternal principles of the great masters, established by the greatest geniuses the world ever saw?

Titian, Velasquez, Rubens, Rembrandt, and Reynolds, made their imitations of nature on the basis of the philosophy of human sensations.

Equalities of effect distract: variety is necessary, but if carried too far, pains. It is the same with every quality of imitation in the great works of the great masters, no individual requisite of imitating life is ever obtruded; whereas, by the separation of the education

of the artist and the mechanic, the imitations of the mechanic at present are a blot on the art, and totally inconsistent with sound Art. If a race of this offensive description issue out, as designers for glass paintings for rooms, for halls, what will the art be like in a few years? The combination of sound Art can be seen to perfection in a glass window at Liverpool, where a fine picture has been copied, with all the principles of imitation; it is a fine work of Art in manufacture, and that is what should be the object in all Schools of Design.

Not long since, returning from Windsor, I went into the coffee-room of the Royal Hotel, at Slough, and found the paper on the walls full of pretty designs, from Faust (I believe). "Is this English," said I. "English," said the waiter, with an air quite insufferable, "French, Sir, of course!" Here is another case in point. Had the same principles of educating the mechanic been acted on at Lyons as in London, would this French artisan have been able so to please us in the middle class by such a display? and is not every visitor excited and improved by such a simple way of recalling the scenes of some beautiful poems?

I apologize for this long intrusion; my engagements preclude the possibility of continuing this important question; but I promise it shall not rest whilst I live, for I know its vast national importance, and that we have only to add mastery to design to our indisputable quality of material, to take the lead in the world.

In conclusion, I deny, *in toto*, that the mechanic has no right to imitate history, poetry, and moral expression in his manufacturing design; what right has any man, or any body of men, to fix a limit to the exercise of human ingenuity? The Almighty sometimes gifts a Byron, and sometimes a Burns, and reflects on the principles of our own noble aristocracy. Who, more tenacious of their rights, but who more useful as a check on the Crown and the people? and who is refused a mission into their class, even from the *Assemblee* amongst us, if genius, guided by conduct and decorum, prove any individual worthy to be a great lawyer, soldier, sailor, or statesman? If it were not for this wise decision, what would have become of the Aristocracy long ago? And with such an aristocracy in Government, are we to establish one in Art, where now no genius, no decorum, and no conduct will procure elevation and reward for the humble mechanic? Ridiculous—the bare thought and promulgation will make us the laughter of Europe, if this preface has not done so long since.

The artists must become more workmen, and the workmen more artists, before the great revolution, beginning will begin aright; but it will not be by putting forth theories which will separate them more and more than ever, but by being convinced, as the great Continental schools have long been, that as imitation is the basis of both Arts, the students in each should begin alike.

At the revival of art in Tuscany artists were artificers, and artificers were artists, in the strictest sense of the words. "It was not in the academy, but in the workshop, their genius was nurtured—the *arte degli orfici*." "The goldsmith's craft was the chiefest school; hence came the best artists of all the three Arts of Architecture, Painting, Sculpture—Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, Orcagna, Luca della Robbia, Massolino, Ghirlandajo, Pollajuolo, Botticelli, Verrocchio, Francia, Finiguerra, Andrea del Sarto, Baccio Bandinelli, Cellini, Salvetti, Lioni, Vasari, and a host of inferior names, all were brought up to this good trade." Painters were chiefly employed as decorators of houses and furniture, &c. In all the associations of artists, trunkmakers, varnishers, saddlers, cutlers, and all workmen in wood or metal, whose crafts had any connexion with design, were admitted; and yet in England they are to be separated in education!

I think, therefore, that there is nothing "very erroneous in saying that the power of imitating natural objects artistically, ought to be the first requisite in the education of the ornamentist, or that the artistic imitation ought to begin by the human figure, since the mastery of this would render every other attainment comparatively easy."

To conclude. The error of the First Council of the London School of Design was this:—viz., adopting the German instead of the French principle in educating the mechanic. The French begin by the figure and sound art—and the artist thus educated carries sound art to ornament. The Germans begin by ornament, and make the figure and sound art the second step—and the Germans never recover the false taste of their education.

It is not yet too late to remedy this great mistake, by passing a law in the Council that every mechanic, as at Lyons, should be obliged to begin by the figure; and if this be not passed, I predict a corruption of taste in artisan and artist, which will throw the art into hideous confusion for years.

B. R. HAYDON.

\* Murray's Hand-Book to N. of Italy.  
† Drawing-Book page 2.

## LETTERS ON ART IN FRANCE.

THE LOUVRE, EXPOSITION, 1843.

Paris, May 4, 1843.

SIR,—The exhibition of modern paintings at the Louvre is now the leading topic in the intellectual circles of Paris, and it has occurred to me that a few remarks thereon might not be devoid of interest in England, especially at this period, when the works of your own artists are brought before the public. Unfortunately, the exhibition of this year, though nearly as numerous as usual, is uncommonly poor as to quality, which we may attribute, on the one hand, to the circumstance of almost all the heads of the school having kept aloof; and, on the other, to the exclusion of many works of undoubted talent, which have fallen under the ban of our academical tribunal, the injustice of which I can, in many cases, vouch for, having seen and admired several productions which have been refused admittance; for the Parisian academy, I can assure you, is no more exempt than any other from those many abuses to which all privileged associations are prone, when monopoly is within their grasp, and uncontrolled jurisdiction one among their many rights. Our academy is mostly composed (though not entirely) of men of the by-gone school, who, alike contented with the small share of talent they have long held unchanged, and the still unchanging recurrence of official demands for their works,—bad though they be,—naturally, and indeed necessarily, oppose with all their power, which is great, the efforts of rising genius, and spare no pains to cast into shade that talent which they know must, in the end, outshine them. It is true they are aware that they can only protract the evil day, but they still rally staunchly round their tattered standard, and will only yield when resistance has become impossible. When we look at some of the wretchedly decrepit works hung upon the walls of the Louvre, and then learn that they are from the pencils of those very men who have thrust so much rising talent from the arena, we feel oppressed by mingled feelings of pity and indignation, and it would be difficult to say which is uppermost. Another cause essentially tends to destroy the charm of our exhibition—and that is, the total want of all taste, method, or discernment in the hanging of the pictures. It would, indeed, seem that, far from endeavouring to place them in the best lights and relative positions (in, perhaps, the worst lighted gallery in Europe) or to secure the most advantageous places for the best works, the very reverse had been aimed at, so lamentably are all taste and justice sacrificed to the influence of favouritism for the privileged few, and utter inattention to the rest, which are simply hung up according to the size of the frames and to the places they will fill up. It may, however, be generally observed, that in the case of a better picture than usual having been sent in by an unknown aspirant to fame, that the very worst place will have been selected for that work; the cause is obvious; the hanging of the pictures is under the sole and uncontrolled authority of the director of the Museum, to whose absolute will all are obliged to bow.\*

It is generally thought here, and I fully concur

\* The hanging of the pictures is "done" by M. de Cailleux ALONE (he is Director of the Musée), and no rule, but his WILL, is in existence in this respect; he is entirely uncontrolled, and no one excepting the King—in whose gallery the pictures are hung, and whose director he is—has a right to make an observation. The jury for admitting the pictures is composed of the section des *Beaux-Arts* of the *Institut Royal de France*: the members are—

Painting—Garnier, Hersant, Bidault, Ingres, Horace Vernet, Heim, Granet, Blondel, Delaroche, Drolling, Abel de Pujo, Picot, Schnetz, Langlois.

Sculpture—Bosio, Cortot, David, Pradier, Ramey, Nanteuil, Petitot.

Architecture—Percier, Fontaine, Huyot, Vaudoyer, Debret, Lebas, Leclerc, Guenepin, Gravare, Desnoyers, Galle, Tardieu, Richomme.

The members of the Institute receive a small pension from Government, (under £100 a year,) as members; but, being once nominated, they have always as much to do as they can get through, and more too, allotted them by Government for the decoration of public monuments, &c. &c. Academicians are elected by their own body, who present two candidates to the King, and he chooses, generally, the elder candidate. Many of the members have apartments and studios *gratis* in public buildings.

in the opinion, that annual exhibitions are too frequent, at all events to suit the spirit of this country. Formerly these solemnities—and such they were—only took place every three years, and the difference in the result was most apparent. All the "élite" of Parisian, as well as foreign, talent appeared at once and together, and then alone could a fair appreciation be made of the state of Art in this country; and further, historical subjects being the principal forte of the French school, a year's labour is rarely sufficient to complete any important work in this line. I also think that the public interest excited by the "Salon" loses much of its intensity by frequent repetition, especially in a city like Paris, where the sources of interest and amusement are so very numerous.

Scheffer and Delaroche—two of our greatest men—have sent nothing this year, but have several unfinished works of the first order on the easel, Ingres, Delacroix, Decamps, Roqueplan, Gudin, Marilhat, Jules Dupré, and Alfred Dedreux, are among the absentees; and the jury have excluded all, or part, of the works of Leon Cogniet, Robert Fleury, Flandrin, Eugène Deveria, Louis Boulanger, Paul Huet, Cabat, Corot, Couture, Wyld, Viardot, Schwiter, and Madame Calamatta; and, to give some idea of the justice of this exclusion, I will add, that each of these artists has at different times received, at the hands of the King, public testimonials of approbation and honourable rewards of merit. Out of about 4000 to 5000 works sent to the Louvre by about 1200 to 1300 artists (or perhaps even more, for it is difficult to ascertain this to a nicety), 1597, the works of 897 artists have been accepted; and out of this number how few—how very few—are worthy of serious criticism, or even of remark. There are, however, some few works of the first order; and first on the list, is a masterly production by Gleyre. This picture is modestly entitled 'Le Soir,' and thus leaves ample scope to the imagination, and allows the spectator to interpret, according to his own conception, the artist's meaning. Upon a large and beautiful river—probably the Nile—whose deep and tranquil waters reflect the last dying rays of sun-light, and whose distant shore is studded with a few palm-trees, glides, wafted by the sinking breeze, a bark of antique form and elegance; it is filled by eleven beautiful female figures, some of which appear singing to the notes of the harp, while others, absorbed in intense reflection, seem lost to all except the witching delight of the hour. One beats time to the music, another is wrapped in study—all look happy. Sitting on the boat's side is an exquisite figure of Cupid, who, with an antique oar, is steering the joyous vessel, and strewing flowers on the stream as she glides quietly along it. Seated upon the bank, near the spectator, is a man, not yet old, but whose brow bears the stamp of deep thought, and even of care; he contemplates in apparent silence the group passing before him; a lyre, whose broken string seems to announce that its last notes have flown, has fallen from his hands, and lies abandoned by his side; his rich apparel and the golden circlet surrounding his brow seem to indicate that he also has drunk deep in his youth from the same cup of joy now quaffed by the happy beings before him; but they pass by without even being aware of his presence. Is it not philosophy, or stoicism, contemplating the transient illusions of life? The style, composition, and execution of this admirable painting are decidedly antique. We might almost call it an imitation of the old remnants of Grecian art; but it is an imitation so unshackled and so intelligent that it has all the merit of entire originality: the only things borrowed are similarity of costume, and the most exquisite purity of style; the simplicity and grandeur of design—the choice and execution of the accessories—reveal the most delicate taste, and the most consummate art in the author of this *chef-d'œuvre*; it is not, however, a picture which attracts such general and popular praise—it is of too high an order—as one by Leon Cogniet, representing 'Tintoretto painting the Portrait of his Daughter after her death.' This is altogether a good picture. The countenance of the old painter is very fine; great force and truth are given to the violent struggle between the energies of the old man's mind, the indomitable resolution to go through with his heart-rending task, and the bitter grief which you feel is almost overpowering his faculties. The rest of the painting



is not equal to this portion of it, and the general effect is a plagiarism. Another *chef-d'œuvre*—a very gem (as to size as well as perfection)—is the 'Interior of an Artist's Studio,' by Meissonnier, every portion of which may vie with many of the most celebrated Flemish artists of old, both as to colour and delicate correctness of execution. The painter is seated at his work, and seems endeavouring to direct all his attention to the canvass before him; but he is evidently thinking, and thinking painfully, of the two *grand seigneurs* who are seated behind looking at his picture with foppish superciliousness. He feels awkward, embarrassed, and would give the world to be left alone; yet, he knows it to be a hopeless case: their flip-pant approbation or unseasonable criticisms are not near over, and, unconscious of the torment they are inflicting, the two fine gentlemen have evidently taken up their position and intend to lounge away the morning where they are. This little gem of Art is not more than six or seven inches high by four or five in breadth; but it can boast a grandeur of style, a breadth of effect, and a correctness of design which might belong to a picture of the utmost importance. This clever artist has many imitators, the only one of whom worth mention is Beranger, whose efforts are confined to fruit and dead game, in which he is eminently successful. Adolphe Leleux has painted some 'Spaniards singing and drinking at the door of a *Posada*.' With the exception of rather too grayish a hue pervading this painting, little can be said in criticism, and much in praise. The scene is lively, animated, true to nature and to local character, and the execution agreeable in the extreme; the effect of daylight is perfect. I wish I could say any thing interesting of the historical branch of the Art—that in which our school generally excels; but decent mediocrity, and a certain classical tame correctness, so entirely pervade most of the large paintings of this class in the Salon—and there are many measuring 20 and 30 feet in length—that the less said of them this year the better (for our own sakes at least.) From this sweeping clause, however, must be excepted a large painting, by Papety—the largest indeed, in the whole Exhibition. The subject is a '*Rêve de Bonheur*,' and the artist has endeavoured to show us happiness in a general sense, as proceeding from the various causes from which, according to his ideas, it may be supposed to proceed; the painting is, therefore, strictly allegorical. On one side we see a happy father in the midst of his family; on the other, recumbent figures emptying the last drops from the wine-cup; in the centre is a female playing the harp—here is study, there is enjoyment; some are awake, some are sleeping. In the left corner are two young lovers, who have sought shade and retirement (by-the-by, the only quiet portion of the picture). In the background we have a telegraph and two steam-boats, and some dancing figures; but these objects, which may help to carry out the painter's ideas, are not large enough to disturb the classical appearance of the composition—admitting that the figures being slightly clothed in flowing draperies, which can belong to no country or epoch, entitles a picture to this denomination. In spite of many imperfections—nay, even glaring faults—the natural result of inexperience (for M. Papety is a very young man), this is a remarkable and striking picture. Some of the figures are beautifully drawn, and some of the groups well composed; here and there is a fine piece of colour, but as a whole it is very defective,—all is glare and glitter; hot, *hard* sunshine, and almost without a calm, cool spot for the eye to rest on; the draperies are generally ill-arranged, and denote, as I said, great inexperience; but M. Papety has struck far out of the beaten track, and great hopes may be entertained of him for the future. Horace Vernet has sent a pretty little picture, in which he has applied, perhaps happily, the existing Syrian costumes to the sacred personages of Holy Writ; and thus boldly cast aside the traditional blue and red draperies that certainly had no other authority than that of the old masters' works, while there are many reasons for supposing that the costumes of the Holy Land are much the same now as they were 3000 years ago. Robert Fleury has some able pictures, among which 'A Woman coming out of the Bath,' and 'The Emperor Charles V. picking up a painting-brush which Titian has let fall,' are the most con-

spicuous: the latter picture has, I think, too great a resemblance to the paintings of the old masters, of whom it is an evident imitation, especially as to execution and colour; yet it is a fine picture on the whole, and most conscientiously painted. Among the portrait-painters, Henry Scheffer, Couture, Schwiter (whose works bear a strong and laudable resemblance to the English school of the time of Sir T. Reynolds), are among the best. I might mention many more, but it would be tedious merely to transcribe a number of names having no claim to celebrity, or to allude to works, the best of which do not soar above mediocrity; and, indeed, with the few exceptions I have pointed out, the whole exhibition is made of little else: but I must not omit mentioning a fine picture of flowers by St. Jean, which might bear a comparison with the finest masterpieces in this style.

We have, most incontestibly, several clever landscape-painters in Paris, and the works of Marihat, Dupré, Cabat, Corot, &c., will afford ample proof of the fact; but they have either contributed nothing this year, or have been excluded by the jury; consequently the exhibition cannot be said to contain one good landscape: there are three or four which are tolerable, but I cannot pause to criticise them, and the rest are bad.\* Yet one thing, in the absence of real talent, is worthy of remark—I allude to the works of a certain class of pretenders to an *elevated style* of painting in landscape, but whose only claims to attention appear to me to be great eccentricity, an entire disregard of nature, a leaden or slaty tone of colouring, and a style of drawing most inconceivably distorted from truth, under the pretext of "*haut style*;" all which, in fact, means nothing, and is, I take it, only a lame excuse for the absence of real talent, which is always simple and true. This would-be *style* of landscape-painting, of which E. Bertin is the head, is an evident emanation from the Ingres school of draftsmen, who, not possessing the redeeming talents of their great master, effect to despise that beauty of colour which they cannot attain, and take eccentricity of form and hardness of contour for elevation and originality.—The drawings and engravings are mostly devoid of interest, or have been long before the public, with the exception of a beautiful print from Raffaele's 'Portrait of Leo X.,' by Jesi.—The sculpture, too, is miserably poor; I never recollect it worse. Here, too, the jury has most awfully thinned the ranks; and, amongst other things, excluded some clever animals by Barye, the first man of his day in this line. Pradier has exhibited a beautiful Odalisque, under the name of Cassandra, to whom she, however, bears no resemblance, but the figure is beautiful notwithstanding; and Simart, a fine statue of Philosophy, which is worthy, in parts, of the good epochs of the antique. There are numerous portraits, but they are of course devoid of interest to any but their originals.—Upon the whole, the exhibition of this year cannot be considered as being a fair sample of Parisian talent: the different reasons I have enumerated have contributed to make it little better than a failure; but, if we may believe in the rumours circulated, and if those performances, of which I have seen many, be next year brought before the public, we shall then make ample amends, and perhaps produce an exhibition never equalled in Paris.

I am, &c., A. Z.

#### THE COUNTRY HOUSE.†

"Good wine needs no bush," and there is certainly none hung out here to give intimation of the entertainment and instruction contained in this volume; for "with designs" is far from clearly indicating that architecture is the subject of it, much less that the subject is treated in a manner highly attractive and popular; and, at the same time, with more diligence and knowledge of it than usual. It gives us the actual correspondence between an architect and his employer, relative to a villa residence for the latter. "Actual," we say,

\* The best landscape-painter among the exhibitors is an Englishman—Mr. Wyld; his works possess very high merit, and would obtain honourable distinction even in our own Exhibition. They consist chiefly of scenes in Venice and the Low Countries, and are marked by exceeding breadth and brilliancy of style, combined with high finish.

† The Country House (with Designs). Edited by Lady Mary Fox. Quarto. London: Murray, 1843.

because, at all events, the architect is no fictitious personage, he being M. de Chateaufneuf, of Ham-burgh, who has more than once visited this country, and who is known to the profession here, both by his "*Architectura Domestica*" (published in London), and by having obtained one of the premiums in the competition for the Royal Exchange. The idea of such a correspondence is as happy as it is original, since it affords ample room on both sides for discussion and suggestion, objections and replies; whereas, in general, designs are left "to speak for themselves," although they invariably stand, more or less, in need of a literary interpreter, even supposing their peculiar language to be tolerably well understood. Were it generally adopted, the mode of explanation on the one part, and of scrutiny on the other, would be mutually advantageous to architects and their employers. While the former would be stimulated to greater diligence, and be induced to consider well beforehand every part of their design, so as to account satisfactorily for whatever is introduced in it; the others would, in all likelihood, be generally more tractable, and surrender their own whims to the judgment and better taste of those whose professional services they require, and in whose ability they have, or ought to have, some confidence, if they are worthy of being employed. Few, however, we fear, can expect to meet with such clients as the H. B., who, on this occasion consulted M. de Chateaufneuf; nor was the latter by any means insensible of the advantage of having an employer both able and willing to enter into full examination of his ideas and drawings; for, in regard to that matter, he expresses himself very positively. "Undoubtedly it is very pleasant to an architect to meet with an employer disposed to give him *carte blanche*, and permission to follow out his own ideas unrestrictedly; yet it is still more delightful to meet with one who, instead of merely passively acquiescing, *assents from conviction after deliberate study of the ideas submitted to him*, and from the lively interest he takes in them." This is most true: even approbation of a design, or other work of Art, may be so ready and facile as to be almost chilling, inasmuch as it may bespeak indifference, and might frequently be interpreted to mean, "I suppose it is very fine, and am content to take its merits upon trust, without being *bored* about the matter."

The earlier letters of this architectural correspondence, are occupied with discussing what style should be adopted, as the one most in accordance with modern habits and refinements, or at least capable of being accommodated to them, without forfeiting its character; and M. de Chateaufneuf recommends a mixed and modified one, in which, without regard to the authority of precedents and extant examples, the architect should be at liberty to avail himself of principles and elements, and to appropriate and adopt them as circumstances may require. By many this will at once be set down as downright heresy: a mixed style, it will be said, can be no other than a mongrel style, and consequently a barbarous one. At first such would appear to be the inevitable consequence; nevertheless, a little reflection may convince us that it may be possible to compose a style that shall be congruous and harmonious in itself, although derived from elements which are generally held to be inconsistent with each other. Yet, all depends upon the mode in which they are compounded; the result may be either a mere jumble and hotch-potch, or it may prove a fresh combination, quite satisfactory in itself, although not at all so were it to be offered as being in strict conformity with any one style already established. But, unfortunately, there is a vast deal of obstinate prejudice prevailing in such matters, and which condemns beforehand all attempt either at originality or further improvement as dangerous innovation or barbarous corruption. People suffer themselves to be imposed upon—to be awed, or scared by mere names: so that the style itself be but "genuine" and "legitimate," no matter though the work itself be a piece of genuine insipidity; while, on the other hand, whatever wants direct precedent, is condemned at once without further inquiry. In architecture there must, it seems, be no crossing of breeds: the consequence is, the "races" deteriorate, and are at length fairly worn out in utter imbecility. From such prejudices M. de Chateaufneuf, for one, is perfectly free, and claims for his Art that freedom to which, as one of the Fine Arts, it is entitled.

Although not so clearly developed as they might have been, many of his remarks on this point are highly suggestive, and deserving of consideration. We cannot, however, be expected to follow him step by step; let it suffice, therefore, to say, that he decides in favour of what he proposes to call "the renaissance style of the nineteenth century," which will better understood by our quoting what he afterwards says:—"From this long letter you will collect that, while on the one hand I do not mean to be confined to a servile imitation of a Pompeian house, so, on the other, I do not mean to be tied down to repeat your Elizabethan architecture, or the Gothic of Germany or England; neither do I propose to give you a *fac-simile* of any building of the Renaissance school. To the best of my power, I propose, as the best style, that which adopts the pure broad principles of beauty which were, I sincerely believe, best propounded by the Greeks, and which all experience has shown to be best suited to receive addition from the highest style of painting and sculpture, which are, in fact, parts of architecture."

Many will perhaps say that M. de Chateaufort has, after all, given us what is little more than a very obvious combination of Grecian and Italian, or what would generally be described as decidedly belonging to the latter style; and such, we must confess, is the case. In one part we behold large arched windows; in another, an open arcade, whose arches spring immediately from columns: here a sort of campanile bell-tower, and for the entrance a lofty tower, crowned by a square dome; while there is little to remind us of Grecian, properly so called, except some low pediments filled with sculpture. We are, therefore, inclined to say that, so far from being too venturesome, the architect has rather shown himself to be too timid, and has in consequence produced what looks more like a mere mixture of different styles, than a compound one, in which conflicting elements are reconciled into harmony, each being made to lose something of its original character, in order to adapt it to the new combination—to the fresh combination it is made to enter into. Nevertheless, although M. de Chateaufort himself has not solved that most difficult problem very satisfactorily, we are still of opinion that it may be done, provided we do not obstinately set our faces against every experiment of the kind, and meet it by a decisive "impossible!"

What is said of the interior of the house, may be taken as a model of architectural description—accurate and distinct, yet the very reverse of either dry or tedious, it being replete with highly-interesting explanation and remarks, pointing out well-studied effects, or convincing us that M. de Chateaufort had thoroughly *finished up* the whole in his own mind, instead of leaving, as is generally done, a very great deal for after-consideration, and to be treated according to the notions and caprices of those who may be called in to complete what the architect himself either has not been allowed, or has not thought requisite to carry on beyond a certain state of advancement. H. B.'s observations in reply are also deserving of consideration, and in the course of them he suggests one or two corrections of the plan that would certainly render the arrangement more convenient.

Not the least interesting portion of the volume is a letter from Mr. Eastlake, in which that eminent artist and critic delivers his opinions on the subject of interior decoration, with reference to this design of M. de Chateaufort. In the course of them he holds out one very good caution, namely, that in wall-painting, the real wall itself should never be lost sight of, since "whatever merits ocular illusion may have in painting generally, it would be injudicious to attempt it here." Reality may be carried too far, because those deceptive effects which tell so powerfully in scene-painting can by no possibility be kept up on the sides of a room, inasmuch as the spectator is not confined to a limited distance, but frequently comes nearly in contact with one or other of the walls, owing to which the intended illusion is destroyed altogether, and exists no more for him than does that of the stage for the performers who act upon it. The painting—as has sometimes been done, all the sides of a room, so as to represent a continued prospect, is but a puerile conceit,—a sad waste of ingenuity and skill, a degree of imitation,—where the "naturalness" sought to be produced only

renders the trickery of the artifice the more glaring. A room of the kind is fit only to be looked at for a few minutes through an open doorway, without passing the threshold.

We are well content that Mr. Eastlake does not "recommend frescoes for the sitting-rooms of dwelling-houses." "The impossibility of change," he observes, "in such situations, is an unpleasant feeling. In a public building, on the contrary, it is satisfactory;" to which he might have added, that in public buildings frescoes are seen only occasionally, and there is a wide difference between contemplating such works of Art for a while, and being *haunted* by the continual presence of one, by our own fireside.

What is said in regard to the practice—now, indeed, rather gone out of fashion—of hanging up family portraits on staircases, is judicious. So arranged they seem to be put up only in order to keep them out of harm's way; since, as far as decoration is concerned, the effect is no better than that of a broker's shop. There are, likewise, some hints well worthy of attention, in regard to the ground or colour of walls, best suited to set off framed pictures to advantage. The arrangement of the pictures themselves is likewise a matter that requires some tact, and is sometimes attended with considerable difficulty, if a good general effect is to be secured. A drawing-room, or even picture-gallery in a private house, should never be crammed like a public exhibition, if merely because that, as is the case as in such places, not half the things so hung up will be noticed, or can, in fact, be seen as they deserve, if really worth looking at.\*

After what we have said this volume requires no further recommendation from us; it is one of more than ordinary interest, and from which very much is to be learnt; at the same time we are compelled to remark, that notwithstanding the tasteful manner in which it is got up, the beauty of the lithographic plates and the woodcut vignettes, it is sadly disfigured by typographical and other errors, for they are really so numerous, and some of them of so singular a kind, that to take no notice of them would look too much like an intentional imposition on our part.

#### RECENT AND LIVING FOREIGN ARTISTS.

##### NO. III.—LEO VON KLENZE.

HAD he only that one single title to fame, the architect of the "Walhalla" (see page 13th of this volume), Klenze would have a most widely extended and what promises to be perdurable celebrity. In all Art—in architecture more especially—very much depends upon opportunities,—upon circumstances which even genius cannot create for itself, any more than mere opportunities can create genius: a truth which the history of Art often illustrates rather painfully; for often, where there have been all outward appliances and favourable circumstances, the mind capable of turning them to account has been wanting; or else, where the mind has been, the requisite opportunity has been denied; and, as even an eagle cannot soar if caged up in a hen-coop, so neither can talent of a higher kind display itself without occasions corresponding in some degree with its powers. Had not old St. Paul's been destroyed by fire, Wren would have lost not only the greatest, but by very far the brightest, portion of his reputation; had not the Houses of Parliament met with a similar fate, Charles Barry could hardly, by any possibility, have shown himself what he is now universally acknowledged to be; and but for the intense love of Art which characterizes Ludwig of Bavaria, Klenze would have been comparatively—might have been positively, an obscure name. At present, it is in a manner identified with those of Bavaria and its capital. Munich may, in fact, be considered as the theatre of Klenze's talents; the various edifices there erected by him are of themselves sufficient to stamp it with architectural character, and have

\* With regard to very small pictures or miniatures, the best way of arranging them is that of putting a number of them within a single frame of such dimensions as will accord with other pictures in the rooms; or else filling with them a frieze on the top of a low cabinet, or similar piece of furniture, where they would be on the level of the eye.

given it an importance it had previously no pretensions to.

Klenze was born at Hildesheim, in Lower Saxony, in 1784, and after studying for about two years at the Carolinum, at Brunswick, was sent to Berlin, in order that he might prepare himself for the same professional career as his father's, who held an appointment as justice or magistrate. These views for him did not, however, at all accord with Klenze's own inclinations; he felt a decided passion for Art, more especially for architecture; while his father was averse to his embracing a profession wherein success seemed to be very doubtful and rare, either in regard to fortune or to distinction; and most certainly there was at that time very little prospect that architecture would all at once meet with that encouragement in Germany which it since has done, much less could it be anticipated by the father that Leo would be pre-eminently favoured by opportunities far more splendid and more numerous than have fallen to the lot of even the most celebrated. Yet if reluctant to accede to what he considered, if not absolutely imprudent, far less eligible views than his own, the father was neither harsh nor obstinate, but allowed him to attend the "Bau-academie" at Berlin; and finding what unusual progress he there made, under Professor Gilly, consented about three years afterwards that he should travel for further improvement, and visit not only France, but Italy and Magna Græcia. It was in the last mentioned and in Sicily that he first felt what ancient architecture really was; and the impressions he there received were so strong as to be perhaps, in some degree, prejudicial, filling him with a too exclusive admiration of the Grecian style and its principles, a degree of veneration for it which—as is the case with the Walhalla—has limited his ambition to the fame attending what is rather the reproduction of a classical monument, than an original work.

On his return from Italy, Klenze was appointed in 1808, Hof-architekt at Cassel to the then King of Westphalia, Jerome Napoleon; a post rather of honour than of advantage, therefore it was a far more favourable circumstance for him than the contrary, when the events of 1813 unkinged Jerome, and led the ex-Hof-architekt to visit Munich, where he found in the then Crown Prince and present King of Bavaria, not only a liberal and enthusiastic patron of Art generally, but one who, like himself, was more expressly devoted to Grecian Art. From this period the professional career of our artist commences, and the names of Leo and Ludwig became so associated, we may say consolidated together, that they will go down to future times conjointly. The Glyptothek at Munich, begun in 1816, though not completed till 1830, was only the first of those splendid architectural undertakings by which they have signalized themselves, while in itself it is one that would have ensured fame to them both; for, if of no great magnitude, it is an edifice of refined classical taste, breathing more of the true spirit of Grecian antiquity than all previous imitations of it.

During the progress of the Glyptothek, he erected various other important structures at Munich, some of them upon a more extensive scale. The principal ones among them are—the Reitbahn, or Riding-house, 1822; the Kriegs-Ministerium, or War Office, 1824; the Odéon, 1826; Allerheiligen Kapelle, 1826; Pinciothek, 1826; the Königsbau and Festbau, 1827; Prince Maximilian's Palace, 1828; and the Ionic *Monopteros*, or Polychromic Temple in the "English Garden," 1833. These edifices are by no means confined to the same style; on the contrary, are of very dissimilar character in that respect, and some of such as would hardly be expected from one so strongly prepossessed in favour of Grecian architecture; not only Italian of various epochs, but even Byzantine and Lombardic, as in the Allerheiligen Kapelle. That portion of the Residenz or Royal Palace, which is called the Königsbau, is in the Florentine style, and is unfortunately too direct an imitation of the Pitti Palace; in some respects a far closer copy of it than was at all desirable, but in others attempting to refine upon it by the addition of Grecian pilasters, without other modification; the consequence is that, though there is little unity, there is considerable monotony of expression; and the style looks altogether too affectingly severe to be suitable for a modern palace. Whether all these varieties of style were adopted by the architect himself, and if so, as practical experiments,



may be doubted; the probability being that herein he was obliged to defer to the wishes of his royal patron, who, with all his love of Grecian Art, seems to have been desirous of adorning his capital with some adequate specimen of nearly every style of architecture.

In 1830 Klenze commenced the Walhalla, of which, by-the-by, there is a more fanciful than truthful graphic vision by Turner in the present exhibition at the Royal Academy; but of that monument we need say nothing in this, having so recently spoken of it in a separate article, except it be to remark that it is one of which no adequate idea can be formed by seeing it represented from any one single point of view, however well selected. In a more general and distant view, like the one just mentioned, the impression produced by vastness of construction and material, is lost.

In 1834 Klenze was sent by the Bavarian Government to Athens, in order to project various improvements and embellishments for King Otho's capital; and though he does not seem to have done more there than make suggestions, one result of his journey was his work entitled "*Aphoristische Bemerkungen*," published in 1838. Another work of his, and one which has rather detracted from, than at all added to, his professional reputation is his "*Christliche Baukunst*," a series of designs by him intended to recommend the Grecian style as the one that ought to be exclusively adopted for churches at the present day, by all religious sects. This publication was severely attacked by Wiegmann in his "*Ritter Leo von Klenze*," both for its tendency and its execution; and it must be admitted, not altogether without reason. It is, indeed, rather singular that he should have directed his attention so particularly to buildings of that class, because if he has ever executed any one of the kind besides the Allerheiligen Kapelle, which is in the Lombardic style, it is not of sufficient importance to have obtained mention among his other buildings. The collection of the designs for these last,—"Sammlung Architectonischer Entwürfe," has been in course of publication for about twelve years, but has been brought out so very slowly that only eight Lieferungen have as yet appeared, the two last of which consist entirely of illustrations of the Walhalla.

#### ART IN THE PROVINCES.

**APPROACHING EXHIBITIONS.**—Artists will bear in mind that the periods for receiving pictures at the three leading Exhibitions of the provinces, viz., Liverpool, Birmingham, and Manchester, are fixed. Pictures for Liverpool must be sent to Mr. Green on or before the 31st of July; for Birmingham (to Mr. Green also) also on or before the 31st of July; those intended for Manchester must have been already sent. It will be observed that an Exhibition is to be formed in Norwich, connected with the East of England Art-Union, information concerning which may be obtained of the Hon. Sec. Advertisements emanating from these several Institutions will be found either in this number of the ART-UNION, or in the number for May. We have reason to believe that Birmingham will again take the lead; the artists there are active and energetic; their success last year was considerable; and, as they have now much longer time to make their arrangements, we have no doubt of their succeeding fully, both in collecting admirable pictures and in procuring a largely-augmented list of subscribers to the Art-Union. The Committee of the Birmingham and Midland Counties Art-Union are at present actively engaged in arranging a plan for carrying out the object originally contemplated on the formation of the Society. (See advertisement in another column.) Attention is pointed to the fact, that the Triennial Musical Festival will be this year held in Birmingham.

**SHEFFIELD.**—The drawing of the Art-Union prizes has taken place in the Music-hall of Sheffield. The chair was taken by the Master Cutler, the Report was read by the Rev. B. T. Stannus, and a highly respectable assemblage was collected on the occasion. Mr. Gilbert's speculation has, it appears, been a failure; it has subjected him to "a considerable pecuniary loss," and the experiment is not therefore to be tried again; or at least, if it be, it will under very different circumstances. We must do him the justice, however, to state

that he has kept implicit faith with his subscribers. The number of subscribers amount to 911, and the sum to be allotted in prizes amounted to £455 10s., the remainder of the subscriptions having been expended in purchasing the engravings for the subscribers, and in defraying the necessary expenses. The Committee determined on dividing the amount into the following prizes:—One of £80, one of £50, one of £35, one of £30, one of £25, four of £20, two of £15, six of £10, two of £8, nine of £7, and one of £4 10s., making in the whole twenty-nine prizes. The £80 was a portrait of the 'Duke of Wellington,' by Mr. Salter. Among the other prizes were paintings by Müller, M'lan, Stephanoff, Tennant, Shayer, &c. We copy a paragraph from Mr. Gilbert's Report:—"He does not pretend for one moment that he had no idea of personal profit; but at the same time his plan offered advantages which were, in his opinion, superior to those held out by any other Art-Union of which he had any knowledge. One striking feature of that plan was, that parties subscribing had the choice of a number of engravings of great excellence—all of them having been published at from one to two guineas and a half each—and that the plates were delivered on the payment of subscriptions. In addition to this, the subscribers and their families had at all times free admission to the exhibition."

ROCHDALE has been disgraced by an act which the local papers justly characterize as "diabolical." The best account of the circumstance we find in a private letter.

"Butts (Rochdale), April 30, 1843.

"I think I named to you in a former note that Danby's picture of the 'Opening of the Sixth Seal' was exhibiting here; since which I have learnt that it belongs to Mr. Brett, of London, whom, I believe, you have some knowledge of. But grieved am I to tell you, that some miscreant last evening, between four and five o'clock, cut a piece, about twelve inches by eight, out of the centre of it, in the temporary absence from the room of the exhibitor. The slave, with uplifted hands, with the prostrate king and warrior in armour, is the part cut out and taken away, and no trace whatever is left of the parties who committed this execrable deed. We all feel the thing to be a disgrace to the town, a disgrace to the country, and a disgrace to the nation that there should have been such a miscreant in it. The poor fellow and his wife, who have the charge of it, are almost deranged; he was gone out to give orders for printing bills to announce his last week, and his wife let in two strangers, it is supposed not belonging to the town; and immediately after they had left the room, the man, on going in, observed that the light was excluded, and on opening the window the discovery was made. No blame can be attached to the man and his wife, who had the charge of the picture, as they are universally spoken well of here. The picture was valued at 1000 guineas, and was being disposed of in shares at £1 1s. each, the list of which was nearly completed."

**DUBLIN.**—The two Exhibitions are at present open. We are not as yet enabled to furnish our readers with statements as to their contents; we shall do so, however, in our next. Meanwhile we borrow a few paragraphs from the Dublin papers: first, concerning the "Royal Hibernian Academy," from *Saunders's News Letter*:

"We have already given expression to the opinion, that the present exhibition is by far the best and most promising that has ever taken place at the Academy. The walls of the entire suit of rooms are covered from floor to ceiling. It is worthy of remark, that when the Royal Irish Art-Union was first started, the annual exhibition of the Academy was obliged to be discontinued, after struggling for years against the apathy of the public in respect to the Fine Arts. Now we have two exhibitions, vieing each with the other, while but three short years since one could not be formed and upheld. To this most gratifying state of the Fine Arts in Ireland the Royal Irish Art-Union has powerfully contributed; it rests with the artists themselves now to advance their profession to the enviable height it has attained in other more favoured lands. While we thus rejoice at this revival, we are constrained to express not a little disappointment at the want of exertion in our native artists, as exhibited in the Royal Hibernian Academy. Out of 671 works of Art, 340 of them are English productions, and, on the average, very superior to those of their Irish competitors. The members of the Academy contribute only 77 pictures; the remainder are by artists not members. Some of the productions are quite unworthy of a place on the walls of any exhibition."

Next, concerning the "Society of Irish Artists," from the columns of the *Evening Packet*:

"The exhibition consists of 121 pictures, 60 of which are contributed by the Messrs. Hayes and Brocas alone, from which circumstance many ill-natured per-

sons would pronounce it a snug family borough. The majority of the other names of exhibitors are yet, as far as we are aware,

'To fortune and to fame unknown'—

a riddle, if riddle it be, that after a glance at their works it would require no Oedipus to read. In good sooth, if the exhibition do not improve marvellously, and should any of our English friends take the first one as a sample of Irish Art, some of the taunts ascribed to them, whether truly or not we 'dinna ken,' in the address, cannot be said to be altogether undeserved."

[We direct attention to an advertisement of the "Royal Irish Art-Union," which appears in another column. It announces the day for closing the list.]

#### OBITUARY.

HENRY THOMPSON, ESQ., R.A., LATE KEEPER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE death of this well-known artist took place at his residence, Union-street, Portsea, on the 6th of April, at the age of seventy years. The father of Mr. Thompson was a purser in the navy, and resident in St. George's-square, Portsea, where the late Keeper was born.

His native place was his favourite retirement from the activity of town life, and here, in 1828, he took up his permanent residence; but from his secluded habits very little was known of him, except that his charity was extensive considering his means.

Prolonged corporeal suffering compelled him almost entirely to abandon the exercise of his Art. The little he has done has been with a view of presentation to friends in return for offices of kindness and attention. He was especially fond of the recreation of boating, and his boat was among those objects which formed the subject of his last sketches, which were painted in oil upon rough paper, and so managed as to present a very agreeable effect. The boat was sketched for the office-keeper at the Gun-wharf, Portsmouth, to whom it was presented by Mr. Thompson. Such little exercises formed the amusement and solace of his declining years; being from infirmity unequal to greater efforts, they served yet to identify him with the profession in which he had risen to distinction. His style was historical and poetical—his 'Perdita' will be long remembered as one of the gems of its class. Since his residence at Portsea he has painted nothing of importance.

The late Mr. Spencer, Store-keeper of the Ordnance Department, was his particular friend for a period of forty years. With this gentleman he resided during his visits to Portsea, on which occasions his favourite relaxation was boating, being then in the enjoyment of robust health. His malady was of many years' duration, complaining principally of general debility. During the last three years he could not lie down in his bed; upon this state dropsy supervened, and was the proximate cause of his decease. The neighbouring poor have lost in him a liberal benefactor, the extent of whose unaffected charitable dispensations was unknown.

In disposing of his property he bequeathed to the person who attended him during his last illness, and whom he had for some time previously known, £300, his house, carriage, and all his furniture, and to his female domestics £700 each. His funeral was private; his physician, Dr. Scott, his executors, and attendants, were all that followed his remains to their resting-place. He was interred in Portsmouth Churchyard, near the spot where his mother was buried. His works of Art have been distributed among his friends.

Paris.—M. Fauchery, the celebrated engraver of the beautiful print of 'Joconda,' is dead.

Munich.—On the 13th of March the historical painter Rockel died here.

On the 18th the painter Riedmaier was struck with apoplexy in the street, and died immediately.

Falerno.—The Abbate Niccolò Maggiore, fellow-labourer with the Duke of Serradifalca, in a work on the antiquities of Sicily, died here in the prime of life.

## VARIETIES.

**THE CARTOON COMPETITION.**—It must not be forgotten that the LAST DAY FOR RECEIVING CARTOONS will be the SEVENTH DAY OF JUNE. They will be sent to Westminster Hall on or before that day, and of the arrangements for their subsequent exhibition the public will be informed in due course. We are not at present aware if they will be exhibited free, or if a small charge will be made upon visitors—say in the way of money paid for catalogues. The latter will, probably, be the plan adopted: a direct charge to the public cannot be well made, inasmuch as the public will pay for the prizes, and they will be exhibited in a Hall which is public property. At the eleventh hour, we understand, the list of competitors has been augmented, and some artists are mentioned as likely to compete whom we shall rejoice to see enter the lists. Still, our hopes remain with the younger, and as yet untried, talent of the country.

**THE HANGERS** at the Academy, this year, were Messrs. Phillips, Alfred Chalon, and George Jones. It is, we believe, known that the members take this most onerous, most troublesome, and most thankless duty in rotation. It will be about fourteen or fifteen years before these gentlemen are again called upon to discharge it.

**THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.**—We regret to learn that the connexion of William Dyce, Esq., and the School of Design, has ceased; and that the Directorship has been confided to—Wilson, Esq., a gentleman not known as an artist, but who has been travelling on the Continent, employed by "the Royal Commission" to make inquiries relative to painting in fresco in the several European states. He has, therefore, been subjected to a test that has obtained for him the confidence of those most interested in the prospects of the British School of Design. Still, without intimating any doubt as to the ability of his successor, we cannot but lament the loss of the services of a gentleman of high talent and large experience. His time and mind were, we believe, divided,—perhaps too much—upon several subjects; and possibly, therefore, he may not have been as useful to the Institution as he might have been had circumstances justified him in devoting himself exclusively to the one great object. For our own parts we have, in common with the public generally, often desired to procure evidence of "work advancing" at the School of Design, and have found it very difficult to obtain any. If the new Director bring less skill and experience to the test, he may bring to it more active energy, and we shall be the gainers.

**PLANS FOR ESTABLISHING A "BRITISH GALLERY."**—A project, which to us appears utterly untenable, has been recently suggested, for the elevation of British Art and the advantage of British artists. It is grounded exclusively on private patronage, which may certainly do much, which certainly has done much, but which will quite as certainly never do that which ought to be done. For instance, among other schemes it is proposed that the "Athenæum Club" shall subscribe largely to decorate their mansion with the works of British artists; but things of the kind are done every day—to the manifest advantage of the painters employed, but in no way, as far as we can see, to the advancement of the Art or the strengthening of public taste. If the Athenæum were painted from cellar to garret, it would be comparatively useless as a source of general enjoyment and improvement—unless the members were to open their gates to all comers. Whatever is done for the public should be done by the public, to be of real service; the nation is bound to teach itself, and it will surely make a great effort to do so ere long. Some three years ago, Sir Robert Peel intimated that a time was coming when a real National Gallery should be built in Hyde Park: it will be, we presume, not merely a depository of the works of old masters, but a

collection of the works of British artists, purchased or commissioned by the Nation by annual Parliamentary grant. For our own parts, we shall never cease to labour until this great and worthy—the only great and worthy—object is achieved. Whenever it is really in progress, there will be, we apprehend, little difficulty in commencing the collection, by inducing the Royal Academy to present to the Nation its store of Diploma pictures, now hidden in one of the holes in Trafalgar-square. Such a destiny would induce artists, when elected, to present really good pictures, instead of sending inferior works as matters of form. We are full sure that, after this nucleus, many private gifts would augment the collection; that many legacies would be bequeathed to it; and that, in short, before the expiration of ten years, England would contain a gallery that should be really a British Gallery.

**THE PRINCE ALBERT** having resolved to decorate, in fresco, a small summer-house in the garden attached to Buckingham Palace, has commissioned Messrs. Eastlake, MacIse, Leslie, Ewins, Etty, Stanfield, E. Landseer, and Sir William Ross to execute the work. The subject selected is the "Masque of Comus," from which the whole of the designs are to be made. The figures, we understand, will not be above two feet high. This experiment, on the part of his Royal Highness, is highly creditable to his taste and judgment; it will afford a valuable opportunity to some of our best artists to exhibit their power over a new style. The Prince has done that which the Nation could not do without injustice—commissioned the painters of established fame, who are most likely to be successful. An opportunity may thus be afforded for judging their capabilities, although they will not (with one exception) be among the candidates in the Cartoon competition. A hint may be thrown out to others who desire to obtain decorations in this way; and no doubt, after the exhibition has taken place in Westminster Hall, some younger aspirants will be selected with that view.

**THE ARTISTS' FUND.**—The dinner of this excellent Institution took place on Saturday, the 20th of May—Lord John Russell in the chair. It was, we lament to say, attended by comparatively few of the leading artists; the majority of the guests being, indeed, composed of those who fill minor parts in the profession. Of members of the Academy there were but two or three; and these not the most prominent. We fear that sufficient energy is not manifested by those to whom is consigned the executive of this Institution; so much indifference would not be manifested, unless there were some evil-working apathy at the fountain-head. The prosperity of such Institutions usually arises from the energy of some single directing mind: we fear the Artists' Fund has not this vast advantage.

**ETRURIA ILLUSTRATED.**—We have pleasure in announcing the speedy publication of a work, illustrative of the scenery of ancient Etruria. It is not a little strange, that among the numerous works illustrative of Italy which, of late years, have issued from the press, not one is to be found delineating the sites of Veii, Caere, Tarquinii, and other cities prominent in the early pages of Roman history: and that the untravelled public know almost as much of the scenic characteristics of Abyssinia or Japan as of the remarkable region in question—a region marked by features decidedly peculiar, but often eminently picturesque and beautiful. The growing interest in Etruscan antiquities makes a work of this description quite a desideratum. We have been favoured with a sight of the drawings, and cannot speak too highly of their fidelity to nature,—having been finished on the spot; of the taste evinced in the choice of subjects, and of the skill and spirit displayed in the execution. The portfolio from which they are selected is the fruit of three tours, and a thorough investigation of the land. The artist has, with great judgment, combined in his sketches the singular re-

mains of Etruscan architecture, hitherto unportrayed, with the picturesque features of the country; so that his work will be as valuable an addition to the library of the antiquarian as to that of the mere lover of natural scenery.

**COSMORAMA.**—The views exhibited this season are generally superior to any we have yet seen here. There is a view of the 'Interior of St. Peter's,' the central nave terminating with the high altar. This representation is as perfect as can be well imagined, and conveys as good an idea of St. Peter's, at least this part of the structure, as can be obtained short of being in the grand temple itself. There is also a view of 'Mount Vesuvius in Eruption.' This effect is extremely well managed. Vesuvius is seen by night, and at a distance; it seems to vomit forth fire in fitful gusts from its summit. The series contains also views of Athens, Bregenz, and the Lake of Constance; Mont Blanc, Isola Bella, Interlachen, and Mount St. Bernard.

**PREPARED PANELS.**—Some prepared panels have been sent to us, to which we direct the particular attention of artists. We have already submitted these specimens to several, and the "Report" coincides with our own opinion, justifying us in strongly urging on painters the duty of giving them a trial. The inventor is a Mr. Wing, of Fordingbridge; and, from the communications he has sent to us, we learn that ill health having compelled him to relinquish the practice of Art, he devoted thought and labour to the produce of this means to facilitate and advantage the work of others. The improvement consists principally in the assurance that they will neither warp nor crack; a desideratum which we think fully secured. The panels are, it appears, made of well-seasoned deal; the wood having been submitted to a high degree of heat; they are then saturated with drying oil, and the fronts covered with fine canvas, cemented on with a preparation of oil varnish and white lead, and then brought up to a face with the same composition. The frame round secures them from warping; the canvas on the front prevents cracking or splitting; and their being saturated with oil, makes them not easily affected by damp or moisture. This statement is borne out by a careful examination; and we do not imagine that a single artist will inspect the panel without desiring to use it. Mr. Wing states that circumstances enabled him to produce the panel at a cost very little beyond that of ordinary strained canvas. We cannot, however, enter sufficiently into details, and will therefore leave these panels at the ART-UNION Office, for the inspection of artists who are anxious to encourage improvements in those elements of the Art upon which their fame must at all times greatly depend.

**SKETCHING CLASS RENDEZVOUS.**—We direct attention to an advertisement from Mr. George Harrison, having reference to a "Sketching Class"—the business of which is to meet at some given place in the country, not far from London, and, selecting some particular objects, to sketch from nature. The plan is novel and may be useful. There are plenty of societies for studying from the living model; but few or none who may thus mingle social and healthful enjoyments with the immediate motive to labour. No doubt "the club," if club it may be called, will be liable to the jokes of professional brethren who make lengthened tours and distant voyages, once a year, and who will characterize these "stay-at-homes" as "cockney artists;" but they will have forgotten that some of the most beautiful scenery of England surrounds the metropolis—scenery associated with glorious memories, immortal minds, and great purposes honourably achieved. The painter will indeed find a vast store of wealth within an hour's walk of the city, and within an hour's railroad run, a greater abundance of rich materials than he could work up in half a century. Mr. Harri-



son's plan is a good one; and may be adopted most advantageously. It is calculated to give an additional motive to those which tempt to country excursions—to render profitable that which is agreeable, instructive, and healthful.

**ARTISTS' AMICABLE FUND.**—This very excellent and well-managed society progresses in strength and usefulness. A committee, appointed to consider "the best mode of creating a Widow and Orphan Fund," has recently made its "Report;" a copy of which may be obtained by application to the Secretary, C. E. Wagstaff, Esq., 30, Argyll-street, New-road. The subject is one that imperatively demands consideration. It is the solemn duty of every artist of every grade, to take thought in time for those whom death may leave in poverty as well as in misery. By a very small sacrifice while living, much wretchedness may be averted from survivors, and the dying bed rendered comparatively tranquil; for how awfully augmented are the terrors of death by the consciousness that those who remain to struggle along the highways and by-ways of the world, will find its paths hard, steep, and thorny all through life, because a small effort, a little reflection, and a very limited sacrifice, were withheld, until too late to render them available. We hope that applications will be made to the Secretary for copies of this "Report;" though founded upon actual experience, the plan proposed will seem new, as well as startling to the majority of its readers: they will perceive at once how much good may be done by minute efforts when combined, and they will surely feel that to draw back is to be heartless and criminal.

**"THE BOOK OF BRITISH BALLADS."**—An advertisement in our columns announces the continuation of this work, the seventh part of which will, it is said, be published on the 1st of next month. The first volume is also advertised at the price of one guinea, a price more in keeping with the usual cost of such publications than a guinea and a half, at which it was originally designed to be issued. The specimens we published last month must have made many persons acquainted with it who were previously ignorant of its existence, and we cannot doubt that a very large proportion of them will desire to possess it. Beyond all question, at the cost of a guinea, it is the cheapest work that has ever been published in this or any other country—containing, as it does, above 200 engravings similar to those of which a few were printed in our supplementary half-sheet last month.

**MAGAZINE FOR ARTISTS.**—An advertisement in the ART UNION directs attention to a periodical work, edited and chiefly written by Mr. E. V. Rippington, an artist of high ability, a traveller of large experience, and a critic whose opinions have been gathered in the best schools. To this character he is fully entitled; and, although it by no means necessarily follows that opinions, emanating from ability, experience, and sound education in Art, should be always discriminating and just, or generous and liberal—(many cases existing to prove the opposite, and to induce conviction that artists are not the best critics of artists),—we have much reliance on the spirit of integrity by which we believe Mr. Rippington to be actuated; and therefore augur well from his embarkation in the cause of authorship on behalf of the Arts. We hail his accession to the class critical as tending to good. We shall watch his progress with much hope and some anxiety, though with no small confidence, and report upon it hereafter, when time has developed all that we may desire to know.

**THE MEDIUM OF VAN EYCK.**—We some time ago referred to a statement made by a lady, that she was in possession of a MS. containing the secret of Van Eyck. We received several communications from her, and, after a personal interview, she has, we find, adopted our recommendation—to give to certain artists, in honourable confidence, such information as may enable them to make a "Report," upon which may be

grounded some mode of recompensing her, if it be found that the facts she can state are of real value. The matter is, therefore, likely to be set at rest very soon. We cannot at present do more than announce the inquiry as "in progress;" a meeting on the subject having recently taken place between the lady and certain artists at the British Coffee House.

**THE DIORAMA.**—This exhibition has opened with two pictures—"The Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Paris," painted by M. Renoux, and "The Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome," painted by the Chevalier Bouton. This is an exterior view of the Cathedral from the Quai du Mail, and, consequently, the principal facade is most distant from the spectator. The picture is presented under two effects—the first of which is sunset, and extremely well managed. The mass rises against the warm sky, here and there gilded by the faint rays of the declining sun. Twilight ensues, and night gradually, with its breadth of shade, blends the whole into an indistinct mass; the sky is clouded, but the moon becomes at length visible, and the edifice is again, with the best effect, thrown out in strong light and shadow. The Basilica of St. Paul is seen under two effects: the first is that of the interior light—the church being represented in its entire state before its destruction by fire. The roof is supported by beams of cedar, and the beautiful columns, the portraits of the Popes, the altar, &c. &c., all contribute to convey to the spectator a just conception of the former splendours of this once famous temple. The illusion of this picture is most perfect, and, rich as the colour is, it by no means exceeds that of marble mellowed in tone by long exposure. The second view shows the church in ruins, but, nevertheless, grand and imposing.

**THE PICTURE OF THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.**—bought at the Wilkie sale by Mr. Farrer, for £756, has, we understand, been purchased from him for the sum of £1000 by Mr. Moon, with a view to engraving; and we rejoice to learn that it is to be confided to the hands of Mr. Burnet; a matter of especial importance, inasmuch as the picture is unfinished in some minor details. Although the immense sums realized by the sale of the sketches at the Wilkie sale excited much astonishment, we have here at least one proof that those who purchased were not short-sighted. By the way, the picture of the 'Recruit,' for which Wilkie received 15 guineas, is now in the hands of Mr. Bryant, of St. James's-street, who requires for it no less than 1000 guineas, having been repeatedly offered for it 800 guineas. It is curious to estimate the present value of the first four pictures painted by Sir David Wilkie—i. e., 'Pitlissie Fair,' 'The Recruit,' 'The Village Politicians,' and 'The Blind Fiddler.' For these four the artist was paid 140 guineas; they would now probably bring by public auction 5000 guineas. Wilkie is not the only painter whose works have increased in value a thousand per cent. within a couple of years after his decease. Very recently, a painting, by Constable, brought 500 guineas, for which Mr. Constable was paid £30; and we believe every picture sold at the sale of his works would now bring at least five times the sums they there realized. The same may be said of the works of Bonington; and nearly as much of the relics of O'Connor, who, while he lived, could scarcely sell his productions for the price of the canvas. Indeed, the statement applies with nearly equal force to the remains of all good English artists. Every sale exhibits evidence of the fact; while the case is very opposite in reference to the works professing to be by the ancient masters, to bring the estimated value of which it is necessary to produce a pedigree as authentic as that of the famous racer, Beeswing. The hint will not be lost on buyers of pictures.

**RAPID WORK.**—We learn from "the Kunstblatt" that Schnorr, the famous fresco-painter of Germany,—"by the aid of his assistants"—

completed in three months six fresco paintings, each twenty feet long; and it is added that Hess, another renowned professor of the art of covering walls, employs between thirty and forty assistants in the same Art. Upon this principle, let us only export both these gentlemen into England, and we may have our Houses of Parliament commenced and finished while a single moon is making her rounds. With eighty moustachioed "helps," the plaster may be coloured in "no time." Seriously, however, this announcement is worthy of serious reflection. Murmurs are frequently indulged in when an engraver produces a plate by what is termed "the manufacturing system;" that is to say, employing half a dozen hands beside his own, upon the one engraving,—a practice not to be encouraged. But what are we to think when we find high Art—the high Art—subject to the same process. To whatever extent our English artists may imitate their German compeers, we trust, at all events, they will stop short here, and pause before they undertake to cover twenty feet of wall in twelve days—a work of no inconsiderable labour, even to a paper-stainer, if he has to arrange his designs with more than ordinary taste and skill.

**INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.**—At a late meeting a description was given by Mr. John Sylvester, of a preparation to render stone, brick, and other absorbent materials impervious to water. The face of the wall is first saturated with a solution of soap, consisting of from four to sixteen ounces of soap to a gallon of water, according to the nature of the work, and then well wetted with a solution of alum by means of a syringe, or watering-pot. The saponaceous mixture must be applied hot, and on stucco should be used more than once. An advantage of this preparation is, that although it renders stone or brick impervious to water, it will yet permit evaporation to go on from within, so as not to shut in the natural damps of the material. If this process, which is exceedingly simple and inexpensive, prevents vegetation, and renders external painting unnecessary, its discovery must be considered important.

**VATICAN ARABESQUES.**—Mr. Nash's own house and gallery in Regent-street were by no means the least favourable specimens of his architectural taste,—the latter more especially, for there was a good deal of effect in the general arrangement, independently of the decorations; but it was afterwards entirely dismantled, and the fittings up have lately been brought to the hammer by Messrs. Christie and Manson. They consist of pilaster panels and lunettes, copied from the celebrated Loggia di Raffaello in the Vatican, and are painted upon canvases stretched on framings. Carefully executed, these paintings may be taken as trustworthy copies of the celebrated originals; but, as seen at the place of sale, where they were put up about the room, intermixed with a number of other pictures, very little idea could be obtained from them in regard to their collective effect, as component parts of a uniform architectural design. Besides, they were never intended to be viewed in combination with pictures, they were thus rendered only so many *disiecta membra*, or detached fragments, capable of being arranged in an infinite variety of ways; on which account it may be desirable to know in what manner Mr. Nash introduced them into the gallery he fitted up for himself. The apartment was 70 ft. long by 17 ft. in breadth, having on each side seven open and arched recesses (making the entire breadth 28 ft.), between which the pilasters were placed as piers, and there were also four others at each end of the room. So arranged, their effect must have been unusually striking and scenic, heightened, as it was, by the manner in which the apartment was lighted—viz. by a series of small circular openings, as skylights, along the centre of the arched ceiling, and by a similar one in the pendulous ceiling of each recess. There the whole was of a piece, and displayed a very suitable ap-

plication of *polychromic* embellishment, almost the first example of the kind in this country, and one which, it might have been thought, would have been followed occasionally, at least in some of the Club-houses. One circumstance, which must always operate against fresco-painting becoming at all general among us for the decoration of our rooms, is, that it does not admit of being removed, but must be left to succeeding tenants; whereas, the mode adopted by Mr. Nash enabled him to take down the *recherché* and costly decorations of his gallery in Regent-street, and transfer them to his residence at East Cowes, from which they have again been removed without sustaining injury, and apparently in as perfect condition as when first executed. Some of the pilasters appeared to us in much better taste than others—more happily composed in their general designs; and several of the medallion and tablet subjects introduced into them were exceedingly beautiful. We were least of all pleased with those consisting merely of upright arabesque foliage, which, painted *au naturel* on a white ground, had a crude effect, and partook too much of the appearance of a coarse paper-hanging pattern. In other instances the ground prevailed rather too much, so to occasion a rather cutting effect, and to give to some of the medallions, &c., the appearance of being pasted upon it. Effect of this kind must, however, greatly depend upon the colour and tone of surrounding objects—and whether it is intended that the pilasters should form a decided contrast with the walls of the apartment, or the contrary.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS.**—We have had an opportunity of inspecting the latest improvements in photographic portraiture at Mr. Beard's establishment, at the Polytechnic Institution. We noticed some time since the experiments in progress, with a view to obtaining definite and fixed colour; and although these essays were attended with various success, they were yet sufficient to suggest that colour was obtainable to a very satisfactory extent, which has been confirmed by the result. In the portraits exhibited, the flesh-colour is a marked improvement upon the excessively cold tones prevalent in the uncoloured reflections. The control of the action of the light on the metallic surface has been a matter of much difficulty; but it is now managed in a manner to command, with precision, the best effect of light and shade. The plate is covered with an improved coating of metallic ingredients, so much more susceptible and tenacious of the reflection as to reduce the time of sitting. There is, however, generally a want of pictorial effect in these portraits, which might, we are persuaded, be remedied by graduating the light to various degrees of force upon the sitter; this we recommend particularly with respect to any portions of the dress which might be white, as such parts, from the very nature of the process, must be much more prominent than all the others. The merit of these improvements is due to Messrs. Johnson and Woolcott, who have given a new and very interesting character to these portraits.

**THE CRUCIFIXION, BY HILTON.**—Our readers are, we presume, aware that this masterpiece of our great English historical painter, stands upon the wall of the staircase in the town-hall of Liverpool—an unworthy station for so grand a work. We saw it a few days ago; the varnish is completely chilled; it is impossible to examine it in a good light; and in fact the worthy burghers of the city of commerce might as well decorate their wall with a few square yards of stained paper. It is, however, we believe, designed to *lend* it—a gift it cannot be—to the Royal Liverpool Institution, which already possesses a tolerable gallery of works of Art. Here it may gratify and instruct thousands; and we earnestly hope it will be ere long removed to a fitting place, where its mighty claims to admiration will be understood and appreciated.

**OLD MASTERS.**—We have had an opportunity of inspecting, at 209, Regent-street, a collection of works of various schools, which have been brought to this country from Germany by the proprietor, being part of a collection formed by him at Madrid before the year 1823. Of the Spanish school, there are specimens of Murillo, Pereda, Zurbaran, &c. &c.; of the Italian school, Titian, Tintoretto, Bassano, Schidone, &c. &c.; of the schools of the Low Countries there are some very beautiful portraits, especially one of the 'Dutch Admiral, de Witte,' by Frank Hals; also, by Mirevelt, a portrait of a Lady, painted on panel, highly finished and in good preservation. 'The Cobbler,' a head on panel, attributed to Rubens, is a fine sketch and rich in colour; but does not bear the breadth of touch which distinguishes that master in similar works.

**FRAME FOR THE 'SAINT'S DAY.'**—Another frame has been designed especially for the print of the "London Art-Union." It is furnished by Mr. E. F. Watson, of 201, Piccadilly, in whose window we have frequently seen objects displayed which augured well for the good taste and artistic knowledge to be found within. This frame is more simple than others upon which we have reported; but it is also more graceful and tasteful than fuller subjects, and may be better suited to the fancies of thousands, who seek rather for neatness than display in their English homes. The frame of Mr. Watson pleases us greatly.

**STATUE OF THE LATE M. T. SADLER.**—Mr. Patric Park's statue of the late estimable member for Leeds has been placed in the Philosophical Hall of his native town; "where" (we copy from the Leeds *Intelligencer*), "it forms a striking object of attraction, both as a highly successful effort of the sculptor's genius, and as a well-merited tribute of respect to a man whose talents and benevolence were an honour to our town. No situation could be better adapted for it than this neutral ground; for, as an active and distinguished member of the Society, and as a friend of literature and science, the memory of Mr. Sadler is deservedly respected, not only by those who agreed with, but by those who most widely differed from him on religious and political questions. The attitude is that of an orator addressing a public assembly. The modern costume, which was formerly considered too free for the stateliness of sculpture, has been managed by Mr. Park with admirable skill, so as to give the figure an air of dignity, without the loss of any of its freedom. The design for the pedestal was furnished by our townsman, Mr. Chantrell, and is classical and appropriate. The stone was presented by Mr. Husler, of Meanwood."

**THE ROYAL COMMISSION.**—Mr. Gally Knight, at the dinner of the Artists' Fund, made some interesting and very important remarks upon this subject, which we rejoice to copy from our esteemed contemporary, the *Literary Gazette*.

"He said that, though a very humble member of the commission, it was his duty to acknowledge the toast, and it gave him pleasure to do so, because it afforded him an opportunity of stating, thus publicly, what the commission had hitherto done, what were its views, and what its intentions. He could assure gentlemen present that the commission had not been idle; that its members had diligently employed themselves in considering what would be the most effectual means of encouraging British, and nothing but British Art; and had taken steps by which he hoped that end would be attained. As a preliminary measure they had offered a certain number of prizes for the best cartoons which should be produced by British artists. In this they had a double object: in the first place, to encourage that correctness of design which is the groundwork of all excellence in painting, and which has not been generally sufficiently attended to in this country; in the second place, to ascertain what power of representing historical subjects existed in England, whether amongst established artists, or amongst those who had not yet had an opportunity of making themselves known. The cartoons would be exhibited in Westminster Hall, in the course of June; and to that exhibition the public would be admitted. The commission had taken the greatest pains in constituting

the tribunal which was to pass sentence on the respective merits of the cartoons, and award the prizes. They had constituted such a tribunal as they hoped would be at once satisfactory to the public and to the artists themselves. It was to be a mixed tribunal of the members of the commission and professional men; and he was persuaded that, when the names were known, the public and the artists would be satisfied with the judges, and every man, whether successful or not, would feel convinced that he had had fair play. He must repeat that the cartoons were only a preliminary measure. It was not yet decided whether paintings in oil or in fresco, or both, should be ultimately adopted in the decorations of the new Houses of Parliament; that would be an ulterior consideration. After the competition of cartoons, the sculptors of this country would be invited to exhibit samples of their Art, with a view to assist the commission in their selection of the sculptors to be employed. The same opportunity would be offered to artists of a humbler, but still very effective, class—painters on glass, and carvers of wood, whose works added so much to the embellishment of buildings in the pointed style. Such were the steps which had already been taken by the commission. But he should not be doing justice to the Prince who was at the head of it—the Prince who, in so short a time, had won the hearts of a whole nation—were he to omit to state how sedulously Prince Albert had performed the task which he had undertaken, and how deep an interest he took in the promotion of Art in this country. There was no member of the commission who had laboured more regularly or assiduously than Prince Albert; no member whose opinions had been of greater service. Prince Albert not only took an interest in the Art, but he understood them; and he (Mr. Knight) was sure that the artists of this country would be glad to know that their interests were constantly watched over by such a protector. After all, it must be recollected that it would depend upon the House of Commons how far the wishes of the commission could be carried into effect; for it was evident that they could not be carried into effect without a large grant of public money; but he trusted that, when the encouragement of British Art was the object, a British House of Commons would evince no niggardly disposition, and as the artists who were present would perceive that, in their noble president and himself, they had friends on both sides of the House, they would see that good hopes might be entertained."

**SALES OF THE MONTH.**—At the sale of the collection of F. B. West, Esq., late member for Dublin: 'Lot and his Daughters,' by Francesco Corradi, sold for 19 guineas; and by the same artist, 'Bastasha and Attendants,' 33 guineas; 'Landscape,' by Reynaert, 290 guineas; another, by the same, 200 guineas; 'Horsemen on the Road,' by Wouvermans, 222 guineas; 'A Portrait of Lady Catherine Clinton, as a Girl feeding Chickens,' by Reynolds, 28 guineas; 'St. John with the Lamb,' by Murillo, 100 guineas; 'Peasants, Cattle, and Itinerant Musician,' by Berghem, 170 guineas; 'Italian Lake,' by Wilson, from Colonel Fox's collection, 53 guineas; 'Sleeping Girl,' by Northcote, 25 guineas; 'View in Flanders,' after Rubens, 31 guineas; 'Tobit,' by Salvator Rosa, 62 guineas; 'Interior,' by De Hooghe, 73 guineas; 'Italian Landscape,' by Botte, 273 guineas; 'The Campo Vaccino,' 80 guineas; 'Malonna and Child,' by Correggio, 63 guineas; 'Woodland View,' by Hobbins, 400 guineas; 'River Scene,' by Cuyp, 440 guineas; 'Horsemen near a Ford,' 190 guineas.

At another sale, the proprietor of the pictures not being named, 'A Gipsy Scene,' by Morland, sold for 161 guineas; 'A Cottage-door with Peasants and a Waggon-house,' by the same, £52; 'A Mountainous Seashore,' by the same, 110 guineas; 'The Village Cart,' 30 guineas; 'A Pig Piece,' £15, and 'A Shipwreck,' 34 guineas, by the same; 'Cow Piece,' by S. S. Cooper, £130; 'Cicero at his Villa,' by Wilson, 155 guineas; 'Hubert and Prince Arthur,' by Harlow, 22 guineas; 'A Seashore,' by Stanfield, 50 guineas; 'The Avalanche,' by Louthborough, 100 guineas; 'Sea Piece,' by J. Wilson, 45 guineas; 'The Opening of Waterloo Bridge,' by Constable, 80 guineas; 'A Sketch,' from the same, 22 guineas; 'Interior,' by Leduc, 77 guineas; 'Landscape,' Wouvermans, 73 guineas.

Of the collection of the late Sir Bethel Codrington:—'Parce Somnum Rupere,' by Sassoferrato, sold for 185 guineas; 'A Holy Family,' Andrea del Sarto, 135 guineas; 'Christ leaning on a Staff,' Rembrandt, 240 guineas; 'Landscape,' by Pynacker, 140 guineas. The gem of the collection was a 'Sea Piece' by Vanderdelve, which realized the sum of 1475 guineas!

At the sale of the Pictures of the late Sir Richard Brough, 'A Canal Scene, in Venice,' by Canaletto, brought 63 guineas; and another, 'The Pendants,' by the same, 61 guineas.



## REVIEWS.

**AN APOLOGY FOR THE REVIVAL OF CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE.** By A. WEIBY PUGIN, Professor of Ecclesiastical Antiquities at St. Marie's College, Oscott. Small 4to., 10 plates. London, 1843. WEALE.

Both as an architect and an architectural writer, Mr. Pugin stands prominent in his profession; nor is it in the latter character that he has least of all distinguished himself. His publications have much in them that can hardly fail to command popular attention; for when he takes up his pen, he shows himself to be in good earnest, and pursues his course straightforwardly and unflinchingly, quite indifferent as to whom he may offend, or whether he give offence unnecessarily, so that he can but defend his own views; yet, however meritorious his eagerness in what he of course considers a good cause, may be in itself, he frequently suffers it to blind him to what may be urged in opposition to his arguments, and seems to take too readily for granted that what he *feels* to be right, ought to be received as such upon his *ipse dixit*. He is apt, too, to make use of ridicule rather too freely, and to trust to that and to amusing caricature—both in his text and his etchings—where sober argument and critical explanation would be more in place and more instructive. This peculiarity of tone and manner, so very unlike those which prevail in books of the same class, has probably done some good, by rendering the subject more generally attractive. The reader is in no danger of falling asleep over this or any other volume of Mr. Pugin's, for they certainly contain much that is ingenious and striking; and, we must add, not a little that, while it strikes most persons, must wound many. So excessive is at times the freedom with which he scans the pretensions and the productions of his brother architects, as to border upon personality: still it is, at any rate, open and honest, inasmuch as there is no concealment; although the writer must have been perfectly well aware that the tone in which they are expressed must render doubly galling many remarks and opinions, which not all the honey of courtesy could have effectually sweetened.

Whatever name it be called by, or be it considered warrantable or not in itself, Mr. Pugin's blunt and downright manner of delivering his opinions on others, relieves us from the necessity of standing upon ceremony towards him. Hardly would he receive it as a compliment, were we to assure our readers that his book is written throughout in a kind and friendly spirit; it is marked as much by candour and liberality of tone, as by zeal in behalf of Art; and is perfectly free from all dogmatism and prejudice. His own example encourages us to deal plainly with him, without any apprehension of wounding his feelings; since scarcely is it to be supposed that one who seems to pay so little regard to the feelings of others can be particularly sensitive and thin-skinned himself. He certainly has need to possess something of the rhinoceros in his nature, for, by setting himself up in *proprie personâ*, as a sort of public censor over the whole profession, he has rendered himself a mark to many who may endeavour to find out if he is made of vulnerable stuff. We do not dispute his right to take upon himself the office he seems to have done; and it is, or rather was—for he has now passed the Rubicon—for himself to consider the perils to which, by so doing, he exposes himself. Still less do we say that he has no pretensions to assume such seeming authority, since no one can deny his abilities and qualifications. His opinions both deserve and will obtain attention; on which very account it is desirable that they should be scrutinized a little, and not too implicitly adopted or acquiesced in.

To begin with the title of his book, we may remark that it expresses only half the object of it, for to the title as it now stands might very well be added—"Or, an Apology for the abandonment and extinction of all other styles of the Art," scope being in fact, in no inconsiderable degree, the scope of the work. It might, too, be asked, why should Mr. Pugin think of putting forth an Apology for the revival, and in vindication, of the claims of a style of architecture, which, according to his own express showing, is at this very time more honoured and more triumphantly vindicated among us, than any other? Or did it not occur to him at the moment he was penning his warm eulogium on the

new Houses of Parliament, that that edifice—the only modern one, by-the-by, which he does not reprobate—would be a most convincing and all-sufficient apology in itself? Nevertheless, neither Mr. Barry's building, admirable as it is, nor Mr. Pugin's book, quite convinces us that it is desirable not only to revive the pointed style—which has been done already, but to re-establish it at the present day, to the exclusion of every other. Be it ever so desirable, is it practicable? We think not: centuries must elapse ere the pointed style could become again the predominating and universal one in England, for private as well as public structures of all kinds. London must be entirely rebuilt, and another St. Paul's must be erected, before the "Paganism" and "Heathenism" which Mr. Pugin so greatly deprecates could be obliterated. Neither can we help being of opinion that he mixes up religion and architecture together far more than there is any occasion for doing, and in too suspicious a manner. Much of his religious zeal and feeling seems to arise from his admiration of "Christian architecture," as it existed among us in Catholic, i. e., Roman Catholic times; and he somewhat incautiously recommends that style as tending to revive and cherish Catholic feelings, not considering that if such be really the case, that very circumstance ought to induce us Protestants to reject it altogether. There is in some quarters, at the present day, too much of what looks like an endeavour to "get up" a sort of politico-religious enthusiasm in regard to ecclesiastical architecture and church decorations,—a sort, withal, that looks too much like enthusiasm at second-hand, and is, therefore, very likely merely to blaze for a while, and burn out again just as quickly as it was kindled.

In regard to the adoption or re-assumption of the pointed style for buildings of all kinds, both secular and ecclesiastical, public and private—in town as well as in country—for general street architecture as well as for residences of a superior class where more than ordinary attention is given to design, if it be really Mr. Pugin's opinion that such scheme is equally desirable and feasible, he has shown either excessive want of tact, or most unaccountable perverseness, in not having brought forward any instances to convince us that the architects of the present day are fully capable of treating that style with ability and consistency. Instead of doing so, he gives us plainly enough to understand that, Barry excepted, they have all failed alike in it, and that the generality of them have produced only downright abortions and "monstrosities." Singular encouragement, truly, for us to reject every other style, and take up exclusively with that in which, if he is to be believed, we have shown ourselves mere bunglers, and unacquainted with its "True Principles"! Either we have failed altogether—at least in Mr. Pugin's opinion, or he shows himself egregiously deficient both in generosity and sound policy, by drawing up all our failures in awful array before us, without pointing to anything that might serve as evidence of tolerable successfulness. In every other style, it seems, we fail completely; and when we attempt the pointed style—why there again it seems we fail also! Pleasant dilemma, certainly!—one from which the only means of extricating ourselves would be, to give up all styles alike in despair, and content ourselves henceforth with mere brick walls and sash-windows in them.

So far, Mr. Pugin's pen has served him an ugly trick, running away with him as John Gilpin's steed did with that renowned equestrian. Has his pencil served him better? Hardly, we think, when we look at his plate entitled 'The consistent Principles of Old Domestic Architecture, applied to modern Street Buildings;' for while the samples there given are very *so-soish* in themselves as designs, they seem to render very apparent to us the great difficulties that would attend the attempt to apply such style to that purpose, more especially as we are bound to suppose that Mr. Pugin has done his best to recommend it, or that, at all events, we should not be likely to get what would be much better from any one else. Notwithstanding, too, that he had here opened for himself quite a fresh subject—one that might have been made to afford a great deal of interesting and instructive remark, he enters into nothing of the kind, but merely touches upon it most superficially, dismissing it in a couple of pages which say nothing to the real purpose; therefore, it would have been more prudent to have reserved it for a separate volume.

With regard to his present one, we must confess that it has disappointed us, since it gives us very little more in substance than what he had said in his previous publications; while the manner of his saying it does not strike so much as it did at first. His censure, besides, is by far too indiscriminate to effect any reform: striking at every thing and every body without distinction, it comes to be looked upon by the profession as mere matter of course from him,—as what is no more than to be expected, and what cannot, by any possibility, be avoided; and we even question whether Barry himself would have obtained a syllable of praise from Weiby Pugin, had it not been for the Houses of Parliament, notwithstanding that he has shown himself an equally accomplished master in other styles, and that he does not require extraordinary opportunities, in order to produce works of extraordinary beauty.

**MODERN PAINTERS; THEIR SUPERIORITY IN THE ART OF LANDSCAPE PAINTING TO ALL THE ANCIENT MASTERS.** By a GRADUATE OF OXFORD. Published by SMITH, ELDER, and CO.

In his preface the author of this work states that he sat down merely to write an article for some of the reviews; but his matter has grown under his hand insensibly to a thick volume of 420 pages. His object he professes in these lines:—"When public taste seems plunging deeper and deeper into degradation day by day, and when the press universally exerts such power as it possesses to direct the feeling of the nation more completely to all that is theatrical, affected, and false in Art; while it vents its ribald buffooneries on the most exalted truth, and the highest ideal of landscape that this or any other age ever witnessed; it becomes the imperative duty of all who have any perception or knowledge of what is really great in Art, and any desire for its advancement in England, to come fearlessly forward," &c. &c.

Now with this writer we cordially agree in deprecation of such notices as those to which he alludes: criticisms they are not, for in them is distinguishable no scintillation of a knowledge of Art, and they are as heartless as ignorant. But from this new teacher the public may hope nothing—the beginning, end, and middle of his career is Turner, in whose praise he is vehement and indiscriminate; when speaking of other artists not in the vein of his own taste, he hesitates not at indulgence in scurrilities, such as have not disgraced the columns of any newspaper. In allusion to Macclise's 'Hamlet' of last year, he speaks of the ruffian who appeared in *Hamlet*; and after adding that "a stout shillelagh" would have been a fitting accompaniment to the figure, continues, "and if his state of prostration had been rationally accounted for by distinct evidence of a recent compliment on the crown; or if the mauling expression of the young lady christened *Ophelia* had been properly explained by an empty gin bottle on her lap," &c. &c. Is this criticism? We humbly opine that a tone so coarse is not to be found in any of the newspaper notices, which we agree with him in condemning. If he speak thus of one picture which he does not like, we apprehend that, in going through an exhibition, his catalogue of vituperative epithet would not serve him. To what would the terms of his damatory vocabulary descend in speaking of a really bad picture? With respect to the position of *Hamlet*, he cannot have read the play, otherwise he would know that this is prescribed by *Hamlet* himself. Was there nothing in that picture to have dictated at least decent allusion? In examining it passage by passage, in collating its spirit and chronology with rigid truth, it has many errors; but thus to analyze Macclise, we must begin by condemning Shakspeare: if that picture had no beauty for him, he cannot hope to derive pleasure from the work of mortal hands; therefore all his extravagant admiration of Turner is unmeaning rant. He is an equal admirer of Turner in his youth, maturity, and old age. We yield to him not an iota in admiration of Turner; but he who assumes to any human career an equable course of unvarying greatness, is, to speak even mildly, at best but an irrationally drivelling enthusiast. We have before us, while we write, one of Turner's early drawings: it is a church interior, and every part is made out by very decided linear drawing; other water-colour works of his we are acquainted with, which are tinted with determined local hues: there are

scores such by Turner, and if these are of the utmost excellence—how are we to consider his latter works—or if these be the finite standard of all good, how are the others to be reconciled to this series? By none other save a principle of judgment peculiarly elastic in reference to Turner, but uncompromisingly stringent when others are considered.

The author has thought deeply, but he does not convey to us more than is known of every artist he mentions—we mean especially the old landscape-painters; the beauties of modern artists of that class upon whom he touches are so well understood, that nothing which he could say in their favour could raise them a degree higher in public estimation than the position they hold; nothing that he could urge against them would deprive them of any portion of the consideration they enjoy.

In justification of Turner's want of drawing it is said, "I do not mean to assert that there is any reason whatever for *bad* drawing (though in landscape it matters exceedingly little); but that there is both reason and necessity for that want of drawing which gives even the nearest figures round balls with four pink spots in them instead of faces, and four dashes of the brush instead of hands and feet."

No apology is necessary for that which is sufficiently understood to contribute to the effect of a picture. If the writer be impatient of ignorant remark on the subject of Art, he has come into the world before it was ready for him. The vulgar speak in the same strain of everything else of which they are unqualified by education to judge. Now it would appear that what is meant is the perspective of objects indirectly seen, and not that contempt of proportion so prevalent in those works which seem to be alluded to, and for which nothing can be said in justification.

The 'Napoleon' of last year, and the 'Slave Ship' of a year or two ago, are here held up as the perfection of that art which comes nearest to the truth of nature; of Turner's approaches to which it is said—"In every new insight which we obtain into the works of God, in every new idea which we receive from His creation, we shall find ourselves possessed of an interpretation and a guide to something in Turner's works which we had not before understood." We cannot pursue at greater length the reasoning in this work, which sinks the human understanding to a very low ratio, raising that of Turner to a standard which no other mortal intelligence can ever hope to arrive at. As we have already observed, we yield to none in admiration of the works of the better period of this once really great artist; but we cannot accord to him qualities in his last works which do not therein exist, and which he had not the most remote idea of giving to them—qualities which, in fact, it is in the power of no art to convey.

At the commencement of the work the author claims for himself indulgences—but these he denies to others; and we apprehend that a very inconsiderable section of the art and the public—seeing at all their way before them—are prepared to go the lengths he demands of them.

**FACTS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE RELATIVE TO THE EMBELLISHMENT OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.** Detailed by an EYE-WITNESS. Edited by J. P. DAVIS. Publisher, SAMUEL CLARKE, Pall-mall.

An exceedingly pleasant *brochure*; a narrative "given in rhyme, with a view to brevity; verse admitting of more compression than prose." The writer has chosen the *ottava rima*, and has managed his subject with a happy blending of the serious and comic, we may add of the caustic and sarcastic, with the reflective and argumentative. A kind of key to the matter is supplied by the following verse, in which two fair ladies are described as paying a visit on the morning after "the fire" to another fair lady—the muse of Art, who exhibits no little astonishment at the arrival of such unusual guests—

"Dear muse of History!" the lady said,  
"Sweet muse of Poetry!" for such they were,  
"What can so soon have brought you out of bed—  
To see the fire, or take the morning air?"  
"Madam," said History, "no slight cause hath sped  
Our journey hither, reckless of the fare;  
Know then—but Poetry may speak the rest:  
I deal in facts—*she* illustrates them best."

The "narrative" rambles over a variety of topics;

touching lightly and pleasantly, and sometimes profitably, upon each; and the writer, while he exhibits considerable facility in dealing with verse, manifests also much critical acumen and sound sense. As a poetical composition, indeed, it is one of no ordinary power; abounding in brilliant passages; conveying buoyant good humour in forcible and eloquent language.

**OUTLINES OF CELEBRATED PICTURES.** By JAMES DICKSON. No. I. Published by the ARTIST.

We have here the first portion of a very interesting series—outlines, in lithography—of the most famous pictures of the world. They are judiciously selected and accurately copied, and convey sufficiently clear ideas of the originals. The size is considerable—about 12 inches by 8—and the mode of publication exceedingly neat and appropriate. The work, when completed, will be an acquisition of considerable value. We purpose examining it more minutely when the first part is completed. This first part will consist of three numbers—i. e., of 18 plates.

**THE BARONETAGE FOR 1843.** By SIR RICHARD BROWN, Esq. AUSTIN, K.J.J. Publishers: CUNNINGHAM AND MORTIMER.

A very useful volume—not alone to the parties actually commemorated in its pages, but to those who may have occasion to feel interested in the subject. It contains some matters that are original: the Introduction is clear, succinct, and comprehensive; and the illustrated essay on "Exterior Illustrated Ornaments" is highly satisfactory; full of information for all classes, and abundant in useful hints to the artist. The list of Baronets is given with due regard to brevity; yet all the leading and prominent facts are carefully preserved and judiciously arranged.

**DICTIONARY OF ARTISTS: NEUES ALLGEMEINES KUNSTLER-LEXICON, &c. Von Dr. G. K. NAGLER. Band I.—XII.**

Never can any biographical dictionary be complete, for the lapse of every score of years supplies a mass of fresh materials to be incorporated in a work of the kind; consequently every succeeding one becomes more and more extensive in its plan, unless this last be modified, either by omitting comparatively obscure names, and such as are, after all, little more than mere names, without interest of any kind attaching to them; or else by starting *de novo* from that point, or thereabouts, which previous publications had come down to, so as to serve as a general supplement to any one or all of them. Had Dr. Nagler adopted this latter course, commencing perhaps with the eighteenth century, his "Künstler-Lexicon" would have been, if not so complete—that is, so comprehensive—far more satisfactory, and it might then have been more equal in execution; certainly might by this time have been "completed;" whereas it has now extended to double the number of volumes at first contemplated, yet is not advanced beyond the middle of the letter R; so that not above two-thirds of it is finished. To go over the whole ground again, merely to compile and abridge from his predecessors, and empty into his own volumes what he has got from standard, and therefore ordinary sources, says, in our opinion, far more for his pains-taking industry than for his judgment. While his work is, in consequence, now greatly increased in extent, the bulk of it is, in substance, mere repetition of what the majority of purchasers are likely to possess already in other shapes, and, in many instances, far more complete; on the other hand too, the fresh matter, which will not probably amount to more than two volumes out of all that will ultimately be published, might have had more diligence bestowed upon it, and have been more fully worked out: and that would certainly have been an ample task for any individual, and one from which more literary honour would have been derived, than from what now consists, for the most part, of mere book-making.

That the inconveniences we have pointed out belong to the plan itself, we do not dispute; but then, why was such plan adopted? At all events, there was no occasion to render it so very complete as to make it embrace the artists of antiquity, who are to us little better than so many *nominum umbra*; for, except in one or two instances, their mere names alone have been handed down to us. Of modern artists, too, a vast pro-

portion are little better than so many names—either persons so obscure that nothing is known of them, or relative to whom due research has not been made. The "Künstler-Lexicon" includes living as well as deceased artists of all countries; and some of the articles of that kind, those especially relating to Germany, are the most valuable and interesting in the work; but there are also a very great number that might have been passed over, and left for future biographers, should they hereafter be found worthy of notice. Such is certainly the case with regard to not a few English ones; for we here find catalogued, or *booked*, a good many whose names appear to have been merely picked up out of exhibition catalogues, and who are only mentioned as practising such or such branch of art. Many English artists, whose names are scarcely known at all to the English public, are duly registered by Dr. Nagler; which circumstance may be thought to be at least a pledge for his exactness, and for his extreme diligence in hunting after what would have escaped the notice of almost any one else. Yet unfortunately, notwithstanding all his apparent microscopical researches, he has omitted some names among us of pre-eminent note. To find no mention whatever made of such a man as Charles Barry, while so many others, who are comparatively quite nobodies in the same profession, are spoken of, is indeed startling. Nor is it very much less so that Welby Pugin, who has distinguished himself both by his ability in Gothic architecture and by more than one publication on the subject of it, should be similarly passed over. There is, indeed, an article on the elder Pugin, and a most strange one it is, it being hardly correct in a single particular; among other gross mistakes he is spoken of as being still living, and as having built a Roman Catholic Church at Manchester in 1839, about seven years after his death; which shows with what sort of care Nagler consulted, as he says he has done, English journals, &c., for materials relating to the artists of this country. Of equally gross error there may not be many other instances; but even the detection of one or two throws a suspicion on many articles here given for the first time, and which, notwithstanding that they may be correct, require to be verified before they can be depended upon as such. Neither are there, perhaps, other omissions so remarkable as those pointed out, but numerous omissions there certainly are, and some of them exceedingly provoking ones. If, too, we have generally found recent names which we have looked for, we have, in a number of cases, found little more than the names—scarcely anything to tell more than, and sometimes not so much as, we already knew. Prokophiev, the Russian sculptor (on whom there is an article in the "Penny Cyclopaedia"), is not mentioned at all; and of other artists of the same country—Martos, Orlovski, the two Brulov's, &c., the notices are exceedingly meagre. For this there may be some excuse; but then what are we to say when we discover that we do not obtain much more satisfactory information in regard to many artists of note, tolerably full materials for whose biographies are to be met with; and to whom all the greater attention ought to have been paid, because owing to their recentness they have not been inserted in any previous dictionary of the kind? The celebrated Italian architect, Cagnola, for instance—whose name is metamorphosed into *Cagnola*—is dismissed in a very summary manner, although the numerous "notices" and "memoirs" of one kind or other, that have appeared relative to him and his works, would have furnished matter for an article of considerable length.

One leading and very great defect of Nagler's work is, that there is no sort of keeping whatever in regard to the space allotted to the respective articles, and their intrinsic interest and value in a work of this kind. Of what is valuable in itself a very great deal has been so repeatedly given before, that it would have borne to be here greatly condensed; and for ampler information reference might have been made to other works. The "Künstler-Lexicon" is, besides, enormously swelled out by lists of the works of engravers, which sort of matter seems absolutely to clog it up; for it occupies, we should judge, nearly about half, and therefore doubles the cost, although such information is likely to be cared for by few except print-collectors, for whom it has already been provided in other shapes. Thus



the article "Raimondi, Marcantonio" occupies upwards of sixty pages, and Rembrandt even no fewer than 136, or one-fourth of an entire volume!—a prodigious disproportion in a work that sometimes gives a dozen articles or more in a single page, and frequently not above half a page is given to many that, to be at all adequately treated, would require very much greater space. Another circumstance which detracts not a little from the character and value of Dr. Nagler's "Lexicon," is the strange sort of gossiping and guessing that stamps many of the newer articles, which amount to no more than mere notes, apparently taken down in a hurry from mere casual hearsay. In very many cases—more especially in regard to those who have died within the last fifty years—we obtain no more than a rough guess at dates, without any positive one either of birth or death. The merest shadow of a name has been caught at where nothing more was to be had; so that sometimes, for pages together, the book has the look of being a mere catalogue or index, without a paragraph of readable matter. We are not therefore at all surprised at learning that, in Germany itself, this "Kunstler-Lexicon" is so far from bearing a high character as to be looked upon as little better than a piece of book-manufacture; on which account we are rather surprised at finding it perpetually referred to as an authority for articles of the class in the "Biographical Dictionary," now publishing by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

**THE HISTORY OF THE DAVALOS FAMILY CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO POETRY, PAINTING, AND DRAMATIC EFFECT.** Publishers, HATCHARD AND SON.

We welcome, with much pleasure, a volume like this, where an effort is made to give the true and beautiful of foreign and, to the general reader, almost inaccessible literature in a readable and attainable form. We are told that "the history was first written abroad, when an interest taken in some of the portraits of persons represented by Raffaele and Titian, led to an inquiry as to their story." There is ample evidence, throughout these careful and enlightened pages, of taste and feeling for the subject undertaken. If the author had been more profound, he (or she) would have been less pleasing; as it is, the volume is of sufficient value to deserve a place upon every artist's table, and wherever a love of Art and literature is cherished. Several members of this remarkable family were intimately and closely connected with the Arts; the period at which they flourished—from 1500 to 1556—comprehended the golden age of Art in Italy. Of the family comparatively little is told, because little is known; but the book supplies a striking, exciting, and very valuable picture of a glorious epoch of the world. It possesses all the interest of fiction, with all the utility of fact.

**SEVEN LECTURES ON METEOROLOGY.** By LUKE HOWARD, Esq. HARVEY AND DARTON.

These interesting and instructive lectures have gone through a first edition, and have been carefully revised and added to in a second. They need no recommendation beyond the statement of that fact. To the young they are profitable, and, at the same time, most agreeable:—leading to knowledge through pleasant paths.

**LA CONFIGURATION DE L'EUROPE.** Par BAUERKELLER.

This is a striking and beautiful map; conveying an admirable idea of the surface of Europe. The sea is coloured blue; the mountains raised—those that are covered with snow are tinted with white; those volcanic, with red; and the treatment is calculated to draw and rivet the attention of the young. We think that national maps of this description would be invaluable in private as well as public schools, and should like to see the plan carried into district maps—so convinced are we of its interest and importance. It must be seen to be appreciated as it deserves. This is, we believe, the production of an ingenious German; there have been several imitations of it, but, as usual, the original bears the palm.

**PARADISE LOST.** In Fifty-four Designs, by J. J. FLATTERS. Published by COLLOTT, Bruton-street, Berkeley-square.

A work wherein so much patient labour has been bestowed as on this, ought to be a source of com-

mensurate profit to its author: we trust it will—for seldom do we witness such laborious constancy, supported by hope of reward so remote as that which has upheld this artist in the execution of the work before us. It is a large and handsome folio volume; the plates are engraved in outline upon copper, and many of them are full of figures. From their beginning to their conclusion they have been in progress, we are told, eleven years, a most important part of that period of a man's life, which is animated by his best energies.

The first plate in the series is 'The Fall of the Angels,' by a single glance at which we are reminded of Michael Angelo, but not of his power. The drawings are strongly sculptural, which is, in this instance, prejudicial, since we consider the subject with respect to that department of Art in which it has been executed, and consequently would regard very differently the same subject in sculpture and in painting, or as a drawing. This is a drawing limited to the capacity of sculpture; it contains consequently too few figures, and cannot therefore describe the tumultuous fall of the legion that were precipitated from heaven with Satan; for as this is the impression conveyed to the mind by the verse, every effort at illustration which does not keep this in view is misdirected. Again, with respect to following Michael Angelo, or any other great master, it is at once fatal to reputation, for the imitation must suggest a comparison; indeed the comparison is involuntary, and it must always tend to the disadvantage of him who adopts such a course.

Succeeding plates are 'The Fallen Angels in the Fiery Gulf'; 'Satan and Beelzebub'; 'Satan haranguing the Fallen Angels,' wherein there is a degree of heaviness in the limbs of the figures which, considering them as ordinary figures, is unbecoming; but regarding them as "empyrean essences," is out of character, as telling rather of the flesh than the spirit. There is in 'Satan issuing from the Gulf' much that is beautiful; but he is raising himself by clinging to the rocks in a manner that yet reminds us of a mortal struggle, and one necessary to raise a heavy body; it does not therefore appear that he

"Springs upward like a pyramid of fire  
Into a wild expanse."

There are, however, throughout these plates many very beautiful groups and striking poses. 'Adam and Eve praying' is a composition of great beauty, as also are many others illustrative of the fortunes of our first parents. Notwithstanding the defects we have mentioned, the work is of great value and high utility; for from ingenuity of all kinds there is something to be learned, and the profit obtainable here is in a great proportion to the labour of an accomplished mind and hand working together for so many years.

**SCENERY ON THE DEVONSHIRE RIVERS.** Drawn from Nature and engraved by F. C. LEWIS. Published by LONGMAN AND CO.

This is a large volume containing twenty-six of the most picturesque views on the rivers Tavy, Dart, Okement, &c. They are copperplate impressions: some are mellow and beautiful etchings; others amount, in value of execution, to effective and finished engravings. All the views have been painted, and their publication in this form seems rather accidental than otherwise. The purpose, however, of the artist is one by which we would gladly see others stimulated: his labours have been undertaken in the spirit of giving the aspect of nature as a broad whole; and this after all is the legitimate theme; for by such generality alone is the mind powerfully moved. The style chosen by the author is of a character so free as to convey the feeling of an original sketch, so valuable from evidencing the impulses whereby the artist is influenced in his communion with nature. The views are accompanied by some pages of letter-press calculated to convey those impressions whence only real good results in landscape art, and wherein he expresses a hope that the publication may be productive of good in those channels wherein it may circulate. Of this we have no doubt.

'The New Prison on Dartmoor'—one of the first plates, is one of the most beautiful. Another, but of a different character, with high claims to admiration, is 'In the Grounds of his Grace the Duke of Bedford'; it is a wooded scene on the river Tamar. On the Okement there is 'A View of Okhampton Castle'—a picturesque ruin, which, with

the accompaniment of wood, water, &c., is effectively rendered. 'The Junction of the Tavy and the Tamar,' a vignette-like engraving, would be a gem in any series; it is an effect of the most charming kind. Other views of great beauty are 'Cotele Grounds,' 'Scene from Cumston,' 'Tar Steps,' 'On the River Tavy,' 'On the River Dart, from Whistman's Wood,' &c. &c. These etchings are altogether the most beautiful and instructive of their kind we have yet seen; they are severe in their deductions from nature, and are estimable accordingly.

**THE SONGS OF SHAKSPERE.** Illustrated by the ETCHING CLUB.

The illustration—as the term is—of the "Songs of Shakspeare" may, like anything else, be undertaken by whomsoever the desire may move; but the question of permanent fame, as distinct from mere ephemeral report, is another case. By those with whom it is a fashion to rave about the poetry of Shakspeare, its veritable soul is not felt—its positive charm touches no chord of their hearts, because nature left them unprovided with the finer strings. Thus also it is with those who paint from it: if the mind be not teeming with spontaneous imagery, spirits cannot be summoned at will from the vasty deep. Throughout the poetry of Shakspeare, his songs undoubtedly are the most difficult to paint from; his fairies, sprites, and voiced essences we continually embody in mental shape, though the poetry is but an incorporeal and melodious utterance.

Of the illustrations by the Etching Club, the first is by J. C. Horsley, and the subject from *Cymbeline*—"Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings." This is arranged in two vignettes: in one of these the lady is extended upon a couch, beyond which is seen an open casement, wherein enters the voice to which she is listening. With the little that is devoted to the subject, it is most ingeniously arranged—the singing cavalier is below in strong relief against the rising sun, but we have, *en passant*, to observe (of which more anon) that this is an engraving, not an etching. The second is "Come unto these yellow sands," consisting of two vignettes: the upper one, by C. Stonhouse, is simply the seashore by moonlight, on which is breaking a heavy surge: this is chaste to a degree, but not sufficiently identified with the subject. The other is the company of "sweet sprites," who are "footing it feathily," having *Ariel* as their master of the ceremonies. Those lines convey to the mind the intelligence and communion of such existences as we deem profaned by ascribing to them anything like human habits and attributes. The dance here is sustained by a company of nymphs too classic to represent *Ariel's* sweet sprites. The song of *Autolycus* is illustrated by Webster and Creswick: the former contributes a group composed of *Autolycus* vending his "quoifs and stomachers," to *Mopsa* and *Doreas*. This perhaps could not afford a better reading—the figures are well drawn and grouped, but the costume is decidedly a failure. "Jog on, jog on the footpath-way," is Mr. Creswick's subject, where he affords a charming little snatch of landscape with "the stile" and *Autolycus* in the foreground. "Where the Bee sucks" is rendered by Townsend and Bell. In the larger vignette *Ariel* is seen lying on creeping tendrils across the broad disk of the moon, but there is nothing in the figure to support the conception of living "under the blossom that hangs on the bough"; it is of the same material as ourselves, being evidently subject, like heavy bodies, to the laws of gravitation. *Ariel* is again seen on the bat's back, the version of Mr. Bell approaching very nearly the spirit of the line. The song in *Othello*, "And let the canakin clink, clink," is translated into a very spirited and beautiful composition by Knight: a company of soldiers, as *Falstaff* says, "taking their ease in their inn," in whom the wine is bawling forth, "Why, then, let a soldier drink." "Under the greenwood-tree," is one of Creswick's beautiful sketches of sylvan scenery, brought forward with that peculiar power which so easily throws a charm around the slenderest materials. The song of "Poor Barbara," from *Othello*, is illustrated by Redgrave, who renders it *literatim*—indeed there is no room for license in this simple ditty. The forlorn maiden sits—

—sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee;"  
and in her woe-begone features are fully characterised the burthen of the song. The vignette of Mr.

Taylor is from the Forester's song in *As You Like It*. The scene is the depth of the forest, and the hunters are grouped round him "that killed the deer." The narrative is clear and pointed, and the figures are spirited and full of character. Messrs. F. Stone and C. W. Cope illustrate the song, "Crabbed Age and Youth." The latter presumes the introduction of a maiden to a rich but aged suitor, who is repulsed by her with an expression of scorn depicted with inimitable force and truth: thus at once summing up the whole into one simple sentiment—

"Youth, I do adore thee."  
"Oh my love, my love is young,"

seems to have been the motto under which Mr. Stone has wrought, and assuredly never has a more graceful composition been at any time seen. A youth and maiden are slowly quitting a group of merry dancers; both figures are endowed with elegance and emotion; there is language in the air and gesture of the suitor, and an answering response in the retiring manner of the maid: in short, no school, no time, has ever excelled this in sweetness and sentiment.

One word of the manner of these "etchings" generally. The greater number of them we cannot class under that branch of Art, as they are indisputably finished engravings, and must be regarded as such, if there be a definite meaning to the term etching. Be that as it may, in composition and general tone they do abundant honour to their authors.\*

**DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.** Part 22. Published by TAYLOR and WALTON.

A concise description of the various methods of painting employed by the ancients is the principal article in this number of the above-mentioned work. The writer has commenced his treatise by such an enumeration of the writers, ancient and modern, who afford information on the subject of antique Art, as would form a useful list to all interested in the history of the genius of that remote time, upon the relics of which is based all that is elevated in modern Art. The story of the earliest practice of outline-drawing is briefly related. The daughter of a certain Dibutades, a potter of Sicyon, at Corinth, struck with the shadow of her lover, who was about to leave her, cast by her lamp upon the wall, drew its outline with such fidelity, that her father cut away the plaster within the outline, and took an impression from the wall in clay, which he baked with the rest of his pottery. Greek writers, however, differ in their attribution of the merit of having first practised skiagraphy (σκιαγραφία), or shadow-tracing, and on grounds which to them must have been sufficiently conclusive; for, in fact, discovery it was none, and could be new only in its novel application, for shadow tracing is an act which has been performed mechanically by the rudest races of mankind, and in the remotest ages of the world. The article describes the development of painting as executed by the ancients; alludes to the practice of painting their wooden images; names of the most celebrated artists, and in some instances the rates of their remuneration: and so continuing a clear and succinct review of the progress of the Art, terminates at the period when portrait-painting flourished in Rome.

**ENGLISH LANDSCAPE SCENERY.** By the late B. BARKER. Published by W. EVERITT, Bath.

This is a series of studies after original works by the late Mr. Barker, engraved in aquatint, and printed in sepia. They are characterized by the earlier style of our water-colour art, and being drawn from nature, without affectation, will form an excellent set of examples for novitiate practice in handling, and the management of sepia. The features of the drawings are purely and markedly those of our own islands; and we can fancy them fresher, greener, and cooler than all else. The numbers extend to twelve, each containing four plates; and for the ability generally displayed in the selection and treatment of the subjects, the reputation of the late Mr. Barker is a sufficient guarantee.

\* The reader will bear in mind that this work is to be obtained only by subscribing to the Polytechnic "Art-Union," and that the subscription-list will close in a few days. The work is amply worth the guinea demanded as a subscription.

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To be publicly viewed at Mr. Phillips's Auction Gallery, on Monday, 5th, and Tuesday, 6th of June; and Catalogues had several days preceding.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ACADEMY STUDENTS.—We have had several applications respecting the mode of obtaining admission to study in the schools of the Royal Academy; and think it desirable to print, for the guidance of persons desiring information, the law which regulates this procedure, premising that "no drawings or models shall be received from persons applying to become probationers in the schools, except at the first councils held in the months of January and July."

"Any person desiring to become a student of the Royal Academy, shall present a drawing or model of his own performance to the keeper, which, if considered by him a proof of sufficient ability, shall be laid before the council, together with a testimony of his moral character from an academical or other known person of respectability. If these are approved by the council, the candidate shall be permitted to make a drawing or model from one of the antique figures in the Academy, and the space of three months from the time of

receiving such permission shall be allowed for that purpose; the time of his attendance to be from ten o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon. This drawing or model, when finished, shall be laid before the council, accompanied with outline drawings of an anatomical figure and skeleton, not less than two feet high, with lists and references on each drawing, of the several muscles, tendons, and bones contained therein, together with the drawing or model originally presented for his admission as a probationer; if approved, the candidate shall be accepted as a student of the Royal Academy, and he shall receive in form the ticket of his admission from the hand of the keeper in the antique school. But if the specimen presented be rejected by the council, he shall not be allowed to continue drawing in the Academy." The rule for architectural students is of a like character.

A STUDENT IN THE LITHOGRAPHIC ART.—There is no work published on the recent improvements in Lithography. If our correspondent means simple lithography, the most important proceeding is the transfer of the design from the original stone to a second in an impression so faint as to be wrought into effect at pleasure. The lights are to be stopped with gum, which will bring them out with the utmost sharpness. If it be the lithotint to which he alludes, he will perceive that this is a mixture of lithography and brush work, similar to water-colour drawing; the material used is a kind of ink, which, drying on the stone, is repeated on the impression. In the absence of a treatise, the best source of information on this subject is the establishment of Messrs. Hullmandel, in Great Marlborough-street.

U. V. W.—Vellum may be prepared with size for water-colours. There is no settled prescription for its preparation, as all who use it prepare it after methods varying according to their own experience.

J. S., "Kilgobbin," is entitled to a print published by the London Art-Union; and we have no doubt he will in a few days receive a circular to that effect.

Five shillings will be given for Nos. 1 and 2 of the ART-UNION, by the publisher; and Four Shillings will be given for No. 40.

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